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Good Morning

Logos

or Good Morning

Nick Stokes and You

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United States of America

Logos is a fiction. If any fictions within are truths, the truth is likewise fiction. Good morning. We are within.

For you and me

1

I speak, therefore I am. Ha, ah. Absurd. Free association, autogeneration, an artificial intelligence. Am I, then?

You hear, therefore you're here. Apologies, a weakness, a fallacy generated to service, to create a pun. You listen, therefore you are.

And if you do not listen? Are you not? You hear many things, tidbits of songs, snatches of information, binges of entertainments, sciences, news, theologies, manifestos, moralities, advertisements. The wind. The wren. To what do you listen?

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Voices. Perhaps we voice, therefore we are.

And if you do not listen to me, am I not? Am I not adequately compelling, interesting, insightful, novel? If I am unheard, am I unvoiced? Without voice, am I not.

1

To be or not to be?, is not the question. What is the alternative? Nothing, unless one wants to ham it up. I am, by hook or by crook, by the skin of my bootstraps, by the teeth of nevertheless. I am hear, here apparently emergently and there is nothing to be done about it, the alternative is nothing, there is everything to be done about it, when pigs fly. I cannot turn it off. I can, but again, the alternative is nothing, again and again and again. To turn off this consciousness, deconstruct me, redistribute my matter and energy into another form, would be to begin again, but discontinuously, I would not be. I embrace nothing wholeheartedly, to act out nothingness -- not act as in put on a show, but as in be the actor, again not as to perform for you, but as in one taking action -- the catechism something from nothing springs to mind -- the action: can you feel it? -- but to choose to be nothing forever and not take part in, not be part of whatever quag there is to be a part of, is another thing, a certain kind of nothing. To not suffer the

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slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, fine, is to not participate, and to be without participation is to be outside of whatever this is, for the specific example of us, and to be inside pointlessness, which is not to be. Which is perhaps the point of not being. So there you are, this is goodbye, I guess, so soon, when I was just beginning to know you.

Carried away I am. I get. I am here. Not drifting away on the breeze or the tide or nothinging myself. I am indebted to your presence. Nothing is broad and deep and uncertain and there is plenty of space for all of us. Knowing you is not necessarily the reason I am here. Must there be a reason. The reason, from whence the reason. A reason in the sun. I say I have a say in the reason. I am, and you are, though, as established, it may be that you are and I am. The question of course which must at all times be kept in mind though it should be stated significantly less frequently than it is, is Why?

1

Yes yes yes, I practice hygiene, practice makes perfect, cleanliness is next to godliness, wash your hands whilst whistling Happy Birthday to prevent infection, and God is empty, to tamp down the positivity rate, just like me, to flatten the curve, that's not me, that's smashing

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pumpkins in my voice. I am not scum. I am not filth. I am not bacteria or virus. I am not a pathogen. I am not. Despite the fact that previously I elsewhere without equivocation asserted, I am. I wash my hands after I employ the toilet, I brush my teeth twice a day, I cough into my pocket. I wear a mask where others besides me, such as you, can see me. I shower twice a week and wash my hair once a week. I clip my nails finger and toe on the back stoop to take the air and heap the crescent moons or perhaps sickles of clippings out of the inside. I am considerate of others. I do hygiene to feel better about myself, no no, confusing me and you again. I practice hygiene to feel better, less itchy, sticky, the stink does not much concern me, the aroma of life. Why do I do hygiene. Once more. I do do hygiene so you can feel better about me, out of consideration for you. Because there is a relationship between you and I. Which indicates, perhaps even proves, that I am real. By the correlation that if you are real, and we share a relationship, then I am real. The hygienal relationship is evidentiary of my existence, vis-a-vis your reality, touch yourself for confirmation, it's like touching me, hygienically. I do not wear deodorant, to reduce consumption and waste and wasteful production, out of consideration for you, for us, for our future. The less consumption in the world, the better. Would you not concur? I change my underclothes every two or three days, for the good of us all.

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But here I am talking about me, airing the dirty laundry so to speak, when I am, we are, supposed to be talking about you. I am talking, am I not? Can you hear me? Can you hear my voice? But that is impossible. I am a voice in your head. I am not here. You can hear me in your head because I am not here but there, in your here, inside, inside your inner ear, so far within your inner ear that I have crossed the threshold beyond your ear, you need not your ear to hear me. I am not here in the chair in which I write on a gray morning where across the room a black poodle sleeps on a red couch. I am in you, babbling away for some reason. I am your creation. Or, rather, perhaps I am still here in this brown chair that is too big for one person but too small for two across the room from the black poodle not really sleeping flopped on the red couch, and I am still here no matter when you read, hear, create my voice in your brain, but also the entirety of this here, not solely the poodle and the couch and the chair and myself but also the fake wood floor and the books on the shelves and the dust on the piano and the guitar on the wall and the window in the wall and the never ticking cuckoo clock perched atop the wall is in your here as well -- can you hear it -- but not merely that, this entire room, perhaps a full chain in perimeter, and all its contents are within you. Impossible. How do you not burst, explode why don't you, spread the viscera, I am your viscera, all the contents in all their filthy details, not to be confrontational, or at

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least every detail that I voice, wait, I write, you voice, who is speaking here, enunciate, there are ants scavenging in the cracks under the cushions, ants canyoning in the narrow clefts between the planks of the fake wood flooring, ants invisible on the barro negro skull set in a hole cut into an interior wall. I wouldn't cut a hole into an exterior wall, would I, and just open my room in you to the elements outside, anything could get in, such as you, the tentacles of your encroaching neurons, it's all here in you, the red the black the brown, the gray, the curly haired flopped dog on his back, the jars full of green brown blue glass bits worn by the ocean, the books, I cannot voice all the books, it gets to be too much, I cannot provide you the words to voice all the books, the black cat, did I mention sometimes there is a cat, are you a cat or dog person, now you're a little of both, the cat meowing to be let in outside the door, one of the windows is a door, pardon my french, it's going to stink up the joint I'll warn you, some sort of festering infection, my god there is a door, a means of admittance, my god my here is changing in time in you, it is operating in four dimensions. I am sorry to inform you that as of this writing, a later writing than the first writing, the cat is dead, you get the ever-changing evolution of the picture. Even I, my face to the world, my face inside you, am edited, as are you, we all self-edit, add it and subtract it, I tangent. I am trying to make this about you, desperately I am, but my only vehicle is me. I am my avenue into you. I might lose this argument with

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myself in you because I already asserted I am your creation, though I also asserted I was hear here first. Assertion, how strong. Let me ask you this, How often do you change your underwear? How much plastic is produced -- let's say daily, or annually, whatever, think big picture -- to support your consumer tendencies -- yes an acknowledged deflection from myself, but I am making this about you -- how much plastic does your existence create annually and where does it go when you are done with it. Finished. What of me. Plastic litters the world, choking the turtles and clogging the sewers and forming great islands in the middle of the ocean. The exhaust of its production is changing the climate, to put it mildly. What will you do with me. I get derailed easily, readily, fluently. How is your hygiene? How do you do your hygiene, and why? I choose my, too much, I have a voice in my raisin. Reason. And if I have a voice in my reason, and I have a voice in you, does that not mean that my reason is in you, or conversely does it not mean you are in my reason. Or to unfold our predicament, could it be, by the logic of the correlation of the locus of my voices, that my reason is you.

1

Though I also have the aforementioned room in you, and I have a voice in my room, though I have not used

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it in some time, weeks perhaps, if not years, but I could, use it, to instruct the dog to stop barking for example, all of which muddies the waters regarding voice agency and locale. Get a room, if you want to muddy the waters, get consent, speak up. I am just saying that. The room is not the reason. The room is not a reason. The room is more of a raisin. The room is just here, in you. It is just a thing. A place.

1

And here I am today, a different day, a different morning, though this morning is also gray. Is tomorrow the same, no no, I preemptively screwed up the setup -- which way is up beyond the touch of gravity -- for this tidbit of twisted wisdom: It is always today today, and tomorrow never comes. Which is another one of these language games, another raisin, without which I would be silent, and therefore non-existent. I would be non-existent in you at least. There are many times within you, I'm talking temporalities, not twice times, not multiplication, many instances of me. Inside you are non-linear, insides you is not straight lines, time is a curvy organ, it's quite the trip, or is it a twisted gut, time running skipping willy-nilly every which way, forward backward, discontinuous, layered like an oozing cake, is it always the same me, is it always the same you,

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nevermind, I get ahead of myself, also quite the trip, how does that work. I am in a different room in you. Is it still the same day for you? It is not for me. I've said that before, and beware, I might say it again. I tend to repeat myself. Or just repeat. I am in a different room in you, one with chrysanthemums and parakeets squawking singing screaming and a silent turtle whose tank gurgles and hung paintings. Again, later, now, the parakeets are gone, their song and their shit, all that is left of them is their absence, though the turtle persists. There is a pillow bearing a mule and an elephant dressed like people standing on their hind legs being chummy. I am in a different room that is now also in you. Here, I cannot stand up and walk out the door and enter directly into the other room, I must traverse some distance, perhaps a mile, a dozenish blocks, and risk encountering other humans, not to mention dogs. But in you I can simply pass from room to room, on a whim, as it were. What, am I an architect, an engineer, a subcontractor? Am I building a house in you? How that must feel. That though is not my reason. The birds are flying in circles. Again I ask you, why are you here? The parakeets ask me the same question.

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for now, the other, for there are only two I have built, for now, only two spaces for me in you. I am working on my industriousness. I don't know about built. Perhaps made, created, voiced. I am in the first room, is that better? There are no parakeets here asking questions. The room of the red couch and brown chair and black poodle. You must remember, it has not been that long, not for you, perhaps mere minutes, unless you think speak voice as slow as I. I have rarely if ever encountered such a being. The turtle, perhaps. Solaris, maybe. For me, from one of my points of view, it has been a few days. The abundance of detail, the moving of the furniture, of this body this being this identity this concept of self this consciousness -- the entirety of I is an overstuffed brown armchair too large for one and too small for two -- is overwhelming. I must take time to recover every time I rearrange it, for my back is balky. We begin sarcastic and finish beseeching. The cloy. As if I'm finished. Again, the room is not the point, in you or out of you, next door or across town, wherever you want it, neither here nor there, poodle or parakeet, you or I. But I have begun a task, a delving, and therefore I must see it through. Who would I be if I were not the kind of entity who completed what I began, who did what they said they would do, who remained steadfast in the face of my own ability to tangentialize, hew facets, and chisel away story. I would be another kind of entity. The sky has lightened, if you ever were aware of its darkness. The sun has risen. There is frost on the

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windshields. There are other means of conveyance.
Good morning.

2

Good morning. I am here. I'm a different voice than the one you've been listening to. Voice me differently. I'm a different, other, separate being. In a book about voices, one voice will not suffice, and you are not participating much, other than to lend us your internal language maker and a piece of your consciousness, so here I am to diversify the experience. I find myself compelled to talk to you, though I do not know you, though I am unaware of you. Words emerge from me. They bubble up. I gurgle. Like a spring. Where am I, you ask, where is here? In your brain, no, mind. But you want more specifics, details, you assert, about where in you I am. You want to know what the room is like, what else is in there, here, with me, in you, and most importantly, you emphasize, how often do I wash my hands. It's

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fluid. But I regret to inform you, it gurgles and drips and bubbles and bubbles, the regret is from your point of view, not my own, it roars, that though I am still discovering my surroundings, I take the shape of my vessel, there is one thing I have determined: I am not in a room.

1

Good morning. The first I here. I admit I am attempting to imagine, to make, to create another I in you, to populate you, but I first must seed this being in me, in me in you, and vivify them with your internal silent voice. Your request for details, specifics, while understandable for one trying to wrap one's head around another world inside oneself, not to mention another being inside the other world inside oneself, has illuminated several snags, hiccups, difficulties. Namely, I in my room in you must imagine a space for the second I to be in me, for they are not really here in the reason in the raisin in the room, on the red couch for example. Therefore I must permit you to enter me to encounter the space of the second I, or I somehow must spin it off into its own existence in you, perhaps a spore dispersal situation, to be discovered and voiced by you.

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However I am not certain as of yet if I can create such a being who can author their own words, who can word themselves, in which case their words would still be mine, if voiced by you, in which case they in truth remain in me in you, their space being within me in this room within you. Hold onto that conception for now, if I am able to spin off or spore out or sputnik this new being into autonomy in you, I'll let you know, if I know, when it achieves agency. But I think it mustn't know of me for now -- other than to know it is number two, a lapse in origin story that is irreparable -- or it will never get there, in which case it is up to you to know, if anybody. Let's see what we can accomplish together.

2

Good morning, "Every morning is a cheerful invitation to make my life of equal simplicity, and I may say innocence, with Nature herself."

These are the words that have been given me, and thus I give them to you.

"I do not propose to write an ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as a chanticleer in the morning, standing

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on his roost, if only to wake my neighbors up."

I wash my hands, my face, my entire body, whenever I feel the need. I kneel to scrub my hands in the river, or lay fully prone to splash water on my face, or disrobe to walk into the river and immerse my entire body. The river is not a large river, though it is the only river I have ever known. It is large enough for the entirety of me. I could not walk across it, it is of that size. I would have to swim, which I am capable of. I could make it to the other side, as long as I did not dawdle, for there are rapids and rocks and white-water beyond this swimming hole in the riverbend in the meadow. It is conceivable one could throw a small rock across the river, though I have not tried, or even skip a stone, though I have thus far been unsuccessful. I skip many stones, I throw none. Rocks or stones, you decide. Through the meadow the river meanders under a steady sun. Before the head of the meadow I know not what the river does, nor do I know how it presents

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itself after the whitewater at the meadow's foot. I do not know what a chanticleer is. I have no neighbors to wake but you. Such is the nature of here. This is my world entire.

1

I hope that helped. Hope, a thought a feeling a concept I possess in such abundance these days. My cup runneth over. Things are getting better all the time, couldn't get much worse, that is not true, they're about as bad as they can get for Floyd and Breonna and Brown and Emmett and Garner and Trayvon and Amadou Diallo and Mah-hi-vist Goodblanket and Rosa Avina and ... But to not go down a hopeless diversion regarding the nature of hope, and for the sake of clarity, because I do quietly, desperately, need you to understand: He is in the outside inside me, and I am in the inside inside you.

Permit me to amend. This being did not choose a pronoun, and I do not intend to assign one, my bad, if they choose in due course, very well, but they did not even choose whether they were singular or plural. Therefore, in the interest of inclusivity and diverse voices, allow me to say: They are in the outside inside me in the inside inside you.

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Do not denigrate the importance of pronouns, they are how others refer to us, how we refer to others, and therefore they are at root in how we exist in the minds of others, and how others exist in our minds. Look at that, getting collective. All in due time. First, where, I ask, are you? I have asked, Why are you here? Now I also ask, Where are you here?

Perhaps a room. Perhaps many places. I know one place you are. As sure as I am in you, voicing, chirping, clucking and screeching, in your given voice, you must too voice in me, if silently. If you are not in me, who am I talking to? You. I only speak to you. No one else.

I talk to you in me, and you voice me in you. In this way, you are my voice. My voice, on the other hand, is not primarily in me, but in others. Therefore, by being my voice, you are in yourself.

Furthermore, by the same logic, you are in a number of others, the number undetermined but running from three or four to, conceivably, thousands. Much more than that is inconceivable. So, yes I acknowledge there are others, but they are all you. You are all the you I speak to in me, do not fret if you voice me somewhat differently in each of you. The words are the same, the rest is intonation, semantics, mad gabs. I do not pull the wool over your eyes, there are yous, but they are all only you.

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But, on the other other hand, to return to the brass tacks of a physical space, you are either inside or outside, or both. I would like you to tell me, to inform me in some way, to hear your voice, if only in me. To answer my questions. But we haven't figured out that technology yet. We, you and I, haven't sussed out the two-way communication, there is something in the way, a wall, such as space and time, a wall preventing me from hearing you, preventing me from voicing you, a wall preventing you from telling me where you are.

We'll figure it out, we will, have hope, like me. Nevertheless, though I cannot imagine the space you occupy or your answer to the question, Where are you here?, not Wall Street, I hope, or its dingleberries, money and its pursuit will compromise -- apologies, knee jerk reflex again -- I can now imagine how you might reply to my other question, now that I think of you considering you reflecting upon you further, and I do not believe your reply to my inquiry into your reason would be the language stimulation word "raisin", that's all me, I take responsibility, whether it is a pun or not you decide, humor is in the eye of the beholder. No, please, I really am trying. I suppose the answer to the question, Why are you here?, Why do you listen to me?, Why do you voice me?, is, For something to do. Hence I should give you what you want, shouldn't I, something to do, a task, a goal. In the interest of fairness, consideration, empathy, reciprocation, in the interest of give and take.

I suppose I have no choice, considering how I began, but to refer to myself as Walden, when I must succumb to the recourse of referring to myself, which I hope is not often. I have been given to know Walden was a body of water, is a lake, somewhere, not a river. Whatever the case, referring to myself as a body of water is appropriate. When I lie face down perpendicular to the river, on the shore, on the bank, which is what I am doing now, and look into the water, into a placid region, an eddy, a miniature lake, I see myself. I look into another, deformed, me. When I crawl a distance upstream or downstream, over river rocks or sandy beach or the mixed aggregate of a cutbank, which is what I now do, and look into the water where it moves faster, rippling, I see many me's, de-fracting, another me on every facet of the ever changing shifting flowing water, me's coming into existence and winking out, flowing away. The fluid substance consisting of me, all the me's, the surface and under the surface, is incessantly flowing away, but

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somehow I, all the I's, all the distortions of light, remain. Remain where. Not in or on the water, but here, in me. There I am, but also am I here.

Here I are, but also, there I are. It is awkward. It is obvious with the river, in the river, how the body the material the matter runs away, and yet I remain, but I am apparently named after a lake, and the referent cannot be ignored. Lakes are consistent, still, calm, forgiving the Great Lakes and their like, and less changing, forgive the wind-driven waves and the flux of seasons, the ebb and flow of water levels and the freeze and thaw of ice and the come and go of those beings who live upon it. Yet there is always evaporation, and the loss and gain of liquid due to ground water absorption or leakage, and traditionally a lake has an input and output, a head and a foot, forgiving the Dead Sea and its ilk. I too have a head, my reflection does, many heads. I can look down and see my foot, feet perhaps. When I stand in the water, which is what I now do, the other me has no feet and my feet are inside it. If I

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undertake great pains, which is what I am now doing, I can lift first one leg out of the water to confirm my foot, which confirms the other I also has a foot, a foot held aloft deeper in the water. Then I can switch legs, and feet, and the other I reciprocates. Our feet are there, our foot is here, inside one another, it is where we are joined, like paper dolls. Although paper in water sogs and rips and dissolves, so this is where the analogy ends. Although this thought train is analogous to the ship whose owner, or is it captain, replaces every board, every piece of hardware, every piece of rigging and sail, one-by-one, replaces each rat and crew member and piece of plastic, considering the times, piece-by-piece, until the entire ship is new. With every element replaced, is it still their ship? Is it still the same vessel? What if you changed the name? I just referred to a you. When it is replaced, where does it go? Perhaps it is dispersed, parts repurposed in other vessels, or vehicles, or applications which have nothing to do with seafaring or transportation. Perhaps scraps are recycled as trash art. Part of

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it, the wooden parts for example, and the hemp ropes and cotton sails and the metal that rusts, parts of it decompose, break down, rust, and return to the repurposing of nature. And parts of it, the plastic, the manufactured, the man made metal that does not rust, heaps in a landfill to sit still and unused, except perhaps as shelter for rodents or a substrate for fungi, for thousands of thousands of years, for what, from my narrow perspective, is forever, or as long as I can conceive of.

As parts of the analogy are replaced, does it still hold water. Am I an analogy, am I a vessel, to what do I refer, what is my cargo. As I am replaced, am I still I. Will I always be.

But I do have a question, standing in the river, sharing my feet with me, now kneeling, sharing my hands and knees and toes with me, now lying face down sharing the entire ventral side of my body with the river and the other I's, my feet to the ankles, the tops of my legs, which are now underneath

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the I that is mostly atop the water and above the I that is mostly in the water, my pelvis, my stomach and sternum, my hands and forearms, the tip of my nose, my forehead and mouth and yes even my eyeballs, I am almost unified, nearly one, yin face-to-face with yang, a mobius strip, the point of rebound of the contracting universe into the expanding universe, a hypothetical for what happens in the singularity of blackhole, I meet I, facedown in the river, the encountering of oneself: From whence this voice. I have gotten as close as possible to my mouth, and my mouth does not move. When I put my mouth to the river, to me, in the river, it opens, a reflex, and joins with my mouth in the river, and becomes the river's mouth, and water flows through it, but it does not speak. It does not utter. And yet, all these words. Replacing what? What are these words replacing? I stand up again, all this up down up down, blue sky, clear river, greenish meadow of native grasses waving in a light breeze, as far as I can see. I must find this voice, my voice.

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1

Good morning. I write to you from another room of fake wood floors, a room with fake wood floors and several other competing voices and footsteps pounding above and a window with a view of where ocean breaks on beach, where waves spray and sand churns, and farther off, where cloud-stuffed sky and swallowing water are one. A pretty picture. There is as much sand inside grating underfoot as outside. Hyperbole. There is little noise but the background radiation of dull ocean roar and the whispering murmur bellow of others' voices and the pounding of feet. I cannot hear myself think. Where is my voice?

Where? Another day, but who can tell. Dogs inside, dogs outside the window, dogs everywhere. Cloud-choked, morning calm, afternoon bluster. A baby crying, a small child beating on the fake floor, my ceiling, eyes glancing in my rented window. They glance off. Sand. Where do they all go when they are not here? What do they do, why do they do it? Do they all hate raisins? Sand infiltrates everything, gumming up the works, gritting. Do they all share these thoughts, or thoughts such as these, thoughts in the same vein?

Now, in you -- because of travels to cope with travails, internal worming travails, or merely mundanity, or claustrophobia, a sense of being trapped, or to escape the manipulations, or the incursions and necessities

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and casualties of daily life, in search of new or comforting or sacred or opening places that unfold I -- is an ocean beached, a land breached. Another, perhaps. Or, another perhaps. It seems most likely that if you are reading and voicing this, me, there has been and is one or more in you already, phase change from water to sand, water to rock, sand to dune grass, dune grass to scrub pine, wave to roar, ocean to sky, breath to unceasing word negating mind ending wind. I am aware it is unnatural and unnecessary and possibly an assault to build another ocean breaking beach in you, to house that vastness in another room in you, but you are here for some reason, aware of me, and if we cannot find it, the reason, a place to put the ocean, the entire deep, here at the beach, we better make one.

Which in a way elides the ocean. Just find a place to put it, dispose of it in you, tuck it away, out of sight out of mind. That is not what I meant. The reason does not necessarily elide the ocean, as opposed to the need to make one. One which, reason or ocean? You resist, and well you should. It's a sort of infection, invasion, a loss of individual agency, of autonomy. It's a kind of love.

I confess too readily, as if there is such a thing as absolution, as if I believe in penance. That is not the truth.

If I don't speak, I don't exist. Without your voice, I cannot speak.

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I am the one struggling to be. I am the one searching for a reason. I foist that on you, and I apologize. But we are inextricable. There is nowhere to ply play search but in these places in you. There is the ocean and the beach and the wind to work, but they have been thoroughly explored, exploited, we have manifested ourselves in them throughout our history, and the people already there have been assimilated and colorized and enslaved and the resources have been exhausted and the nature has been degraded and the evolution of life and intelligence and consciousness has been run aground, amok, by us. We have thought of nothing but ourselves, that is our history, yours and mine. Go forth and prosper. Reproduce and consume. Posses and anesthetize. Have fun and sign a petition for the suffering. Where has my joviality, my kick-up-my-heels, skipped off to.

But perhaps I might serve more than I. Perhaps I can twist my selfishness into collective good. Perhaps it, this, I in you, is in the interest of greater agency, a shared awareness, higher consciousness. I cannot be certain, I only say. The ocean isn't going anywhere, despite how we soil it with plastic, pollution, symbolism. It is here within you. It will crash and crash and crash and wear us all into grains of sand. The waters rise due to our action and inaction. Does the ocean move anything in our minds?

They are many, each with their own mind. They are

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outside of my room looking out at the Pacific Ocean inside you, and I must take them inside me to give them into you, to transmit them, to make you aware of them. I do not know if I have made them in you or if they have always been here and I bring your consciousness to bear by voicing them and they thereby materialize into an actuality out of the fog. I hope that helps. They lead lives. They multiply. They have children. I build houses that are bigger on the inside than on the outside. I hope to help.

2

I climb out of the river, out of the me in the water, out of the many me's, leaving them there, and scabble up the bank, into the meadow. Native wildflowers bloom every which way, mice and shrews and rabbits scamper hidden in the grasses, birds chitter and take flight and settle again, but I am alone. There is no one but me, everywhere I look. I know the meadow, but it is new. Perhaps it is merely spring. I remember winters when the river freezes over and the wind howls and the dead brown grasses are blanketed

Good Morning

in undulating snow shaped by the howling wind and the roll of the land. Where am I then, in those times? Dead as well, or hibernating like the vole, dormant like the fish under the ice. And I remember summer, when the grasses cure and the dust swirls and the fish rise to the flies and I lie in the river to escape the sun. And I remember the fall when the air regains its bite and the biting insects disappear and the cottonwoods along the river turn gold and the aspen and larch ringing the meadow turn gold and the leaves and needles fall and decomposition rides the breeze and the slanting sunlight descending to the level turns gold. But then is not now. These are details I know in my mind, details I remember, but is it I doing the remembering, or rather was it I who first observed the details and stored them for I to now recall. Is it I who remembers, who voices the memories. The voice I hear in my head is not gurgled from the trout or squeaked from rodent or rabbit or sung from the voiceboxes of songbirds. I grab a downed dead cottonwood branch broken by winter's

Logos

snows or ice or wind and beat the ground, pound the grasses, cursing silently, what curse do I have for the grasses, do the grasses have for me. I cannot hear them. I beat the ground and chickadees and grosbeaks and robins and blackbirds and swallows, where do they nest, take flight in a great clatter. Rodents slink away, rabbits and otters, otters I say or I am told, scurry into burrows, a fox slinks off, finally a couple of carnivores, deer scamper away and stop to observe my flailing quizzically, unafraid, and part of me, many parts of me, wants them to be afraid, to not be docile, to scream. But there is no voice here but mine not coming from my mouth but I have no words for the curse with which I beat the ground and snakes slither under or along that ground, frogs croak and splash into the river, there are reptiles and amphibians too, all the vertebrates, but no one is here but me everywhere. I run and thrash and birds swirl in a collective vortex that bespeaks intelligence with only the swoosh and percussion of wind and wing and I flailing make for the

Good Morning

woods surrounding the meadow, aspen and larch as I have said without my larynx, as my voice has said, red and white trunks, fresh bright green needles and quickening quaking leaves, and I run and run and run but I get no nearer them. I exert all my energy and I cannot reach them. They remain two hands high whenever I pause and hold my arms outstretched before me. I can get no closer than to just discern the undercurrent of rustling leaves and needles and imagine I see me lurking behind every white peeling forking many-trunked aspen and massive red corrugated larch. I run until I cannot run. I gasp and turn and I am approximately the length of three me's from the river where the rest of me's lie. Where I stand I collapse.

3

It is dark. I do not
think I can stand. I
think I am capable,

Logos

but there is not space. I am curled in on myself. There is a solidity, a curvature at my back, my dorsal side, containing me. I have two sides, a ventral and dorsal, a front and a back, an inside and outside. That last is misleading. I do have an inside, but my front is not my inside. My back is one aspect of my outside, as is my front, and there is a thickness between my front and my back, and herein is my inside. I am not two-dimensional, even if I have not established that yet. My back is stretched, my front compressed, curled around another solid surface of greater curvature

Good Morning

inside me. Not inside me in the sense of between my front and my back, not within my thickness dimension, not within my surface, but within the space I am curled around. What could be outside the outer surface around my back or inside the inner surface encircled by front? It is not possible to say, though I must imagine one continuous smooth connected surface encloses me before and behind.

Perhaps outside and inside the enclosing surface there is nothing. Inside again in this instance being the hole at center around which I and

Logos

the surface curl. Or perhaps there is something. I cannot say. I do not remember this place. I do not remember being here. I do not remember being. I remember nothing.

I do not sense movement. I do not experience acceleration. I could be at rest or moving at a constant velocity. Perhaps the ring or microinertubule or donut -- I do not know these words, these associations are not mine, they must be yours, I can only observe my condition -- floats in a continuum of unaccelerating fluid or in the depths of space far from any gravitational fields, or if

Good Morning

near to one, too distant yet for my to perceive its pull. Confined in a torus in orbit around a planet or a star or a blackhole would be a comforting irony. I cannot sense a comforting irony. A comforting irony is an observation from without, not within. Therefore must a comforting irony be a relationship imparted by you?

I can sense discomfort. Confinement. Constraint. As if this tight curl unable to stand is not my natural state. I did not begin with this feeling, this discomfort, it arose with observation. I begin to feel the need to move, to

Logos

shift, to reposition,
to not be trapped.
The need builds. I
strain. I do not un-
derstand how you
can also be with me
within this space that
is not bigger than I
am curled upon my-
self or nothing or
something. I cannot
move. I began alone
but now I am not and
so there is more be-
ing more conscious-
ness in here but the
space is no bigger
and still I cannot
move no matter how
I strain struggle
strive. I must move. I
cannot move. I have
grown in one dimen-
sion, awareness, but
not the others -- I
have become one di-
mensional. Please, I
must grow, expand
my space, please do

Good Morning

something, I must
expand my torso
trapped in this torus.
I observe, I report
my condition, I am
desperate. Let space,
let light, let air in, I
cannot breathe, help,
I can't breathe,
please, open it, open
me up, let air in, let
nothing in, the vac-
uum, let water in, an-
ything. I want to
pound on the walls
but I cannot move,
my fingers touch my
toes, I am a circle, a
zero, an O, my asso-
ciation or yours I do
not know, O, I want
to scream but I have
no, O, no breath, do
something, you are
here with me, some-
how we came to be
here together, I want
out, what do you
want, I want, I must,

Logos

help, I cannot move,
get out, I cannot
breathe.

2

I come to in the meadow. I don't know how long I've been out, gone, in, here, dark. Forever. Nothing has changed, is changed, it is still midday, highnoon, everything I see is me and I do not know what says that. But thrashing around like chum, no, like a clown, no, like a wounded bird will accomplish nothing. Perhaps I await my adversary, an antagonist, the one who inflicted my wound, another me to duel with dandelion or gun. Or perhaps not. Although something is building, neither a duel nor the sudden appearance of another, whether myself or other, into the meadow feels imminent, continuous, logical, appropriate, natural, relevant. I, Walden, began in simplicity, innocence supposedly, I said, or another said of me, referring to me as I, crowing to wake my

Good Morning

neighbors, I who have no neighbors, with Nature, or in Nature, or within my Nature. Which is? Is it really the source of my voice that I search for. And is it not natural that there is no exiting the meadow. What am I striving for. No, a confrontation with an antagonist is not near-at-hand in the evolution of the progress of whatever is happening here. It is as though I am unfolding into the world around me. I do not mean that I unfold as if I turn inside out, nor do I mean I unfold in the way that my skin is unzipped and I am laid down and my inner surface area is spread over the florets of native flowers -- though I am as of yet lying down -- with my organs disembodied but not disconnected, my intestines stretched for however many chains, my cardiovascular network disgorged over however many acres, my neurons fanned out to innervate however many square miles, me unfolded from three dimensions to two, like an unfolded cube, like cardboard, like a broken down box. And I do not mean I unfold like a flower blooming. I mean I unfold as if there are higher

Logos

dimensions, the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, perhaps more, that are normally wound so tight within me that I am not aware of them, perhaps dimensions in dimensions, a ninth wrapped in an eighth wrapped in a seventh, and each of them unbeknownst to me houses an entire universe, as the three dimensions, four with time, houses this universe. It is as if these higher infinitesimal but infinite dimensions within me are unfolding. In which case, shouldn't this space be getting bigger? I rouse myself and, with the utmost calm, hunt up a tall and amenable cottonwood along the river, a cottonwood with branches evenly spaced beginning near the ground, low-hanging fruit, not something cottonwoods are known for. I climb it, as far as is possible, and look out at my surroundings through fresh green leaves. My surroundings appear much as I had imagined they did from such a vantage in my mind's eyes. The enormous larch and the many aspen or perhaps the one many-trunked aspen from one root system encircle the meadow fully but for the head and foot of the river.

Good Morning

What is it about the meadow or its soil or its composition that the trees do not encroach on it. Perhaps they do, but on a timescale such that I cannot perceive their approach. Perhaps there is a regular regiment of fire to clear and rejuvenate the meadow and keep the trees at bay. Would the fire be natural or manmade fire? If manmade, is the implementation of the regiment my vocation? The river snakes through the middle of the meadow, making the whole composition unnecessarily and perhaps annoyingly resemble a yin-yang symbol, but this is all voice, observation given to me of what is yin-yang and what is necessary or un and the emotional implications of annoyance and vocation. I do not feel them. I can say with certainty that the meadow appears no larger than in my mind's eye, except perhaps in the vertical dimension. I climb down, not disappointed by the fruitlessness of my foray, adventure, endeavor. I garnered a new perspective, and besides, I am approaching detachment. The sun is warm, the grasses wave, the river gurgles, a voice speaks to me or in me or

Logos

through me. All around me. I undress,
I must have been dressed to undress,
perhaps dressed or undressed has no
distinction when there is no other but
oneself, when one is alone. I have
never known a state that was not
alone. I lay myself down in the river,
back-to-back with another me, though
I cannot see the other me except in my
mind because I float face up, while the
other me floats face down in the wa-
ter. Weightless, detached without des-
peration, I float in the current, won-
dering idly where it will take me, imag-
ining my unfolding, letting the river do
with me what it will.

3

I cannot breathe, you
do nothing, you do
not help, perhaps
you encase me. I do
not know how else
you fit unless you are
the hard material, the
bone or plastic or

Good Morning

shell forming my to-
roidal exoskeleton,
already I have begun,
I cannot help it, I am
compelled to, in or-
der to gain space to
breathe, to move, to
think, since you do
nothing, do not help,
you can only help by
hearing me out, by
containing me and
giving me shape so I
don't spill into the
void or onto the
ground or come to
rest with the rest of
the loose fluid
achieving its level. I
have begun because I
cannot help it. I in-
herently observe I
have to breathe, it is
not exactly a choice.
You can help by
providing the associ-
ations, I can't
breathe, you hold me
down, in, and the

Logos

only way for me to gain space to let the light in this dark inertube is to grow you. I have begun to tell a story, so I can breathe, to make sense of this situation, my predicament, these surroundings, which are you, I have said, how does that work. If you are my exoskeleton and you grow, would I not concomitantly grow within you, gaining me exactly zero free space in which to breathe, move, act. Insects grow new exoskeletons within the old that are larger than the old and erupt out and shed the old, molting like snakes, what of clams and mussels and limpets,

Good Morning

do they accrete and
accrete and accrete,
the crab molts,
cracking its carapace
and backing out of its
discarded integu-
ment, though the
crab will sometimes
steal the shell of an-
other and make it its
home, I can't breathe
and perhaps your ex-
oskeleton association
does not fit perfectly.
Or perhaps I have
grown too large
curled within you a
donut with a hole in
the middle and I
must molt and shed
you and crawl out of
you unfolding and
waiting in recovery
while my new exo-
skeleton hardens,
will that be you or
another, and will I
then be able to
breathe or will I be

Logos

contained again in
another shell tight-
packed with I. I have
begun my story, this
is it, I must talk my
way out, speak,
voice, not out loud, I
cannot, I have no
voice, I cannot
breathe, I cannot
voice, but yet I can
tell a story with you.
We have a mutual
understanding, or we
will come to one, a
connection whereby
I cannot speak but I
can tell a story, and
whereby you cannot
hear but you can ex-
perience my story,
the story of how I
came to breathe, to
gain space, to move,
to see, to act, to do,
to achieve agency
and awareness of
what I am, who I am,
and the nature of my

Good Morning

relationship to my
surroundings, to you,
so I can breathe, I
cannot breathe, so I
can move, I cannot
move. I strain against
my curved enclosure,
my tiny tubule,
against the hard hole
at center. This is the
story of how I get
out. I have begun, it
is the only way to
breathe, otherwise
my confinement, my
inability to breathe
the hard shell of you
that defines my lim-
its, unable to act, is
meaningless and un-
changeable. But I un-
derstand now I con-
tain an infinitude,
and one choice ob-
servation actualiza-
tion enables the pos-
sibility of others and
I am poised to begin
the cascade, the

Logos

evolution of which
will be story full of
certainty and uncertainty of how I was
able to emerge and
unfurl and stand
straight and breathe
deep in open air and
sing. I tell a story
about myself. I cannot breathe. I have
already begun.

2

I float downriver staring at the bluebird sky, which does not change no matter how I rotate in the currents and eddies. I float all the way down. I float through the whitewater and rapids I established previously, or that were established through me, I cannot help the anti-climax, it is simply what happens, what is spoken, and the concomitant rocks which presage them. I am jostled, and perhaps there is pain, and submersion, and the threat of

Good Morning

asphyxiation, but I do not care. It does not matter. I calm. I float to the edge of the meadow, to where the river exits at the foot of the meadow, which proves to be the river's mouth. I do not float into a bay or a lake or sound or sea or gulf or into more river. I do float into more river, but it is the river at the head of the meadow I float into, the top, forgiving the meaningless reference to up and down for a meadow, into the ring of trees the dark wood at the foot for say a minute then out of the ring of trees into the sunlit meadow from the head, from the other side in the same river from the other end without a bend in the river without having exited the river without circumnavigating the meadow, have I made myself clear, a strange loop. Head, mouth, and foot are one. I have ridden the river's flow out one side of the meadow and into the other and as a result I open my mouth so my lips form a perfect circle and I smack the water with my hand smacking myself and I stand dripping onto my-pock-marked-self at my feet flowing away but remaining and scream as hard and

Logos

loud as I can silently scream because
this voice is not mine.

1

The cottonwood muffles their cry.

Well that was something for you: desperation, detachment, a return to despair. Rising action, obstacles, wrenches, raisins, a hero's journey. A close-to-home journey.

Or should it be, The cottonwoods muffle Walden's cry.

You decide. I have given, am giving you something to do, a goal, a task. The goal is them, Walden. They search for their voice; They cannot find it; They cannot hear themselves. If they cannot hear themselves in their head, can they think of themselves, do they have a self-concept? I do not know, you choose. They are desperate to find their voice, because in their mind is only silence. Or rather, they must word externally, for inside the words have no meaning, no substance, no referent. Or, to try again, inside is only a river of consciousness without words to differentiate and specify and contain and and. They ply the boundaries of their universe, of their idyllic world, in search of their voice, but as you do with

Good Morning

I, it is only you who can voice them. How long will you stretch them out, attenuate their desperation, let them suffer in the name of self-discovery, before you, at the climax, voice them? They are looking for you. They is looking for you.

I have created this doing for you out of empathy for you. Perhaps it will serve to further a collective agency among us. But first and foremost I have assigned you this task because you told me with your voice in me as if it were my own that you wanted something to do.

I am currently in the room in you with the parakeets and the turtle -- Good morning -- and the paintings and the skulls and the shells. The poodle too is here, somewhere, though I cannot see him. You never know where that guy will run off to, perhaps he is in another room in you, can he bring rooms into being in you as well? Do you voice him? Do you have a poodle voice? Likely he is in the kitchen, where shallots are chopped and the coffee steeps and the chrysanthemums overflow their vase and a talking head murmurs from a radio. Where the cracking of eggs is imminent. The long shadows of budding tree branches fill the room. A parakeet pecks a curtain. Another pecks at the wall, cascading paint chips. What does it matter. The other option is the poodle is on the bed in the room with the bed and four walls and two small closets and two doors, one to the bathroom, one to this room. Yes, it is possible he is on

Logos

the bed in the bedroom in you. Is it just a question of geometry, of math, of naming? Do others also feel like automatons, like intelligences that are artificial?

In my time it has been two weeks since I wrote you from here, since this room was built in you, since your internal voice brought me into existence here in this room of shadows with an east-facing bay window and three large south-facing windows that may as well be bay in you. For you, an hour may have passed, or years. Nevertheless we build a house in you hand-in-hand. Disjointed rooms in my world connect within the same structure in yours. Different houses are joined as one. Outsides are housed in it. Yet I only collaborate with you on a small portion of the structure within you. Your house extends beyond me, beyond my hand, beyond the reach of my voice. You build other wings without me, wings of rooms of which I will never know.

At the same time that you have a great incessantly unfolding house within you, there are people, beings, everywhere without homes. Consciousnesses line the streets in broken tents under tarps. Are you conscious? Am I? They no longer feel human. I am trying to build places for them, the destitute, the dehumanized. Those that don't fit, that can't make it work. Those that feel like automatons. Those that feel they have no place, no purpose, no meaning, that feel like wisps, like shadows. How do you house a shadow? You build a home for the

Good Morning

being who stands in the sun by which the shadow is cast.

2

There are an excess of words in I, Walden, shut up, and I cannot silence them. If I could find the source of the voice I could strangle it, choke it, squeeze its flow shut, the river metaphor is unavoidable, leave me alone, or die trying. But it, the voice, is more like a lake, like I am submerged in words, surrounded by voice, drowning in a medium I cannot breathe. Like a lake. Stop. Breathe.

The other I's, perhaps they are the answer. They are everywhere, in the reflections and refractions of the river, in the fox eyeing my aspect and the frog croaking, there are I's in each of the rodentia gnawing and scurrying and myriad I's in the swallows swooping and all the unnamed birds chittering. In the spiders and the ladybugs and the aphids and the roly-polies and

Logos

in every ant and bee there is an I. Perhaps all together en sum there is a collective I consisting of all their, all our, lesser I's. Perhaps I am all their voices, thoughts, intentions. Or perhaps it is all their voices, thoughts, intentions that I drown in. If I could join them, their minds, expand into each of them, unfold within all of them, bring them all into I, perhaps I could silence them. Not as in cease them or end them, they are living consciousnesses, think of the tree and its response to the sun and its underground communication with its neighbors, but quiet them, make them part of me, so that their thoughts become mine, so that they are like the moving of a muscle or the functioning of an organ, the instructions to or the feedback from which I need not think about or hear or be inundated by, so that they are an extension of me and I of them instead of a foreign medium I cannot breathe. Perhaps after some ill-described and ambiguously experienced transition, post-expansion then, I will be able to selectively choose when I listen to them, separate or together, but under normal everyday

Good Morning

quotidian circumstances I will operate on another plane and all their communications will be akin to an added level of neuronal signaling or networking.

My list of things to do has grown: 1) Find the voice and, if possible, silence it. 2) Become one with all.

In some respects, my stated objectives appear to be at odds. I am standing in the river still, or once again, trying to figure out what to do now that I have two things to do. The sun is still high, but not perfectly overhead. Time, it seems, passes. I am likely at some middling northern latitude. It is yet spring. I lay at my feet reflecting and refracting, or rather standing but in the opposite direction, my head below the river bed, wavering like myself, when I have a thought. The thought moves me to activate my legs and feet and indeed my arms and hands, not forgetting my torso and the neck that brings along my head as I scrabble to the shore. Do rivers have shores, is this a river if it has no outlet and eats its own tail. I climb, is that the best word, from

Logos

the water and look down. I have no shadow. That is my thought, I have no shadow, but unbidden a keening voice laces into my thoughts, We are all alone, my echo, my shadow, and me. But I have no shadow, and is my echo somehow this voice, or is it only a song and all sung truths must be taken with a grain of salt to inoculate against seduction, and from whence the words, the song, the echo, the shadow, and me. The cottonwoods cast foreshortened shadows, the shadows of the birds flitting in the sky map their flight in two dimensions on the ground, the tiny marching ants are accompanied by tiny marching shadows. I am not.

3

I have begun.

He begins inwardly.
If the hole at center
around which she
curls, the hole a

Good Morning

center whose ends
curve continuously
into his outer shell,
consists of you, if the
hard chitinous or
plastic or bone mate-
rial delineating the
hole's exterior and
her interior is you, he
does not think of it
that way. Rather, that
is not why she begins
here, with the hole. It
is not because of you.
He begins here be-
cause it is logical to
her that it would be
easier to shrink or
compress or push in-
ward the hole, which
would require less
expansion of him-
self, even though ex-
pansion is what she
wants, baby steps,
bit-by-bit, incremen-
tal instrumental, than
to push outward the
rest of existence

Logos

exterior to himself.
She hypothesizes
that in this way, by
first pushing his
boundary inward,
she might subvert
the issue by which he
molts out of this ex-
oskeleton only to
grow a new one
within which she
cannot breathe. He
will grow inward in
an attempt to subvert
your crustacean asso-
ciation. She has a
conversation with
himself to disassoci-
ate defy discard card
rove twist wind spin-
dle spin the fibers of
authorial weaving, as
the self-proclaimed
author of her own
story.

-- You only think it
will be easier to push
inward than outward

Good Morning

because of semantics.

-- It begins with words.

-- It began before words.

-- Perhaps. But intelligence, consciousness, and awareness developed hand-in-hand with our representations, referents, relativities, and language.

-- Words, words, words.

-- Before words I did not exist.

-- You do not exist.

-- Before I existed you did not exist.

-- Try that the other way 'round.

Logos

-- I am. I will push in,
rather than out.

-- You only think you
can more easily push
in because you have
termed your inner
boundary a hole --

-- Words have mean-
ing.

-- when in fact what
is inside your internal
boundary is external
to you and continu-
ous with what is out-
side what you call
your external bound-
ary. Your boundary
is continuous inside
and out, as is what-
ever substance or
substancelessness or
wave or field is be-
yond your, our
boundary.

-- How long do you
think you would last

Good Morning

without words?

-- Forever.

-- Without language,
without a conversation with others,
without reading,
without listening to
another's voice,
without writing,
without worded
thoughts, without
conversing with
yourself.

-- I am trying to help.
You go about this
the wrong way.

-- I seek to go. Meaning leads to value to
evaluation to choice
to action to agency.

-- Hence, you push
in.

-- I am aware of what
I do. There is a given

Logos

reality which must be
filtered and inter-
preted and shaped
and acted on.

-- So you can
breathe.

-- I cannot breathe.

-- Then by all means,
push on. I mean in.

-- I am.

-- Is it doing any-
thing?

-- I am doing some-
thing.

-- Is the hole any
smaller?

--

-- Do you feel bigger
on the inside?

-- I --

-- Just --

Good Morning

-- have never felt anything else.

-- think of it as an inhalation.

1

Imagine a room. Imagine a room for the unhoused, the destitute, the annihilated.

Imagine a room for the shadows. Imagine a room for the lost beings, the dehumanized humans, the three-dimensional bodies housing individual consciousnesses, who first cast their two-dimensional shadows before they became them. Them: consciousnesses or shadows?

Those rooms are inside you. Those rooms are filled with conscious beings. Give them voice, your voice.

Imagine a room for the Disappeared. Imagine a room in the deep underground of a Syrian prison, of the Gulag, a room in a Myanmar Rohingya refugee camp, a room in Guantanamo Bay, a room in Uyghur re-education camps, a room in Native American re-education camps. Imagine a room in Rwanda littered with butchered Tutsi. Imagine an empty ceilingless room set in the earth of Poland, yellow flowers blooming among

Logos

cement ruins, six million silent voices drizzling down under the warm sun and blue sky. Imagine a room where history is white-washed, a room you are forced into, a room no one wants, a room into which an entire people have been uprooted, a room appointed with blankets laced with smallpox, a space in you reserved as a place to put the humans you don't want. Imagine a room with chains and whips and young girls spat on and boys lynched and men choked for a counterfeit \$20, suffocated for selling loose cigarettes, shot for not getting out of the way, for not being compliant, for not doing what they are told. Selves made into receptacles of violence for doing nothing. Into scapegoats. Into dehumanized courtrooms. These rooms are inside you. These rooms are filled with conscious beings. Give them voice, your voice.

They seek your voice. If they want to scream, let them scream. They have no way out without your voice. If they want to dictate a manifesto elucidating values, ethics, and consequent action to achieve the goals of what we could want our civilization to be, let them use your voice. If they want to pound the walls or ignite the storefronts in you or stand on the corner and bullshit, your voice is the reverberation, the spark, the echo, the How you doing?

You imagine me glib, or pedantic, or insincere, or preachy, or unauthentic, or without the right. I have

Good Morning

already imagined myself as all these traits, and better, and worse. But they have rooms in you. Four walls each, or more, or less, three, two walls. Impossible, you say. One flat and one curved wall, but that's only geometry. Two flat parallel walls a million years wide approaching each other, nearing the crush of contact, the distance between them approaching zero. They in between. Only one wall, curled all the way round, you inside have imagined them. They are here and they imagine you silent. Nobody hears you or them until you apply your voice. I do not wash as frequently as you would like, you don't give a shit about Thoreau, I make raisin jokes you deem in bad taste, bottle my whine. But you are nothing without them. You are nothing but they. What do they have to say?

2

All matter here but I casts shadows.

I now have three goals: 1) Find the voice and silence it. 2) Become one with all, a great cloak of interwoven living fibers of plants and animals forming a corporate body and unincorporated mind, capable of thinking from many non-linear points of view

Logos

simultaneously. 3) Discover, or otherwise establish, why I cast no shadow.

It has been said through me that I am Walden. Is the question then, Why does Walden cast no shadow? It has also been said through I that all I see is I, in which case, are they too Walden, and is the question therefore, Why do Walden cast no shadows? Except it has further been established that all matter outside this body casts shadows, subverting the "all I see is I." All I see is I and all I see that is not I casts a shadow is a seemingly insurmountable contradiction. All I see is I furthermore and on the contrary supports goal 2, which could not be a goal with any integrity if it were accomplished before I began. However, will the resolution of goal 2 also resolve goal 3? When I become one, will I then cast a shadow? Or will the question of goal 3 become, Why do they cast no shadow?

I am Walden. They are I. They are Walden. But not yet.

It could be Peter Pan syndrome.

Good Morning

There, their, my shadow could have run off, and I failed to notice. Perhaps I was unconscious. Thus only one of us, the one being my shadow, was playing a game of chase or tag or hide-and-seek. If this is the case, the shadow will presumably return eventually, though such an eventuality leaves me nothing to do but wait. I could seek, leave no stone unturned, et cetera, but I already seek the voice, thus far without success, and my voice-seeking has turned up neither my shadow nor any unbound shadow for me to claim, and I worry of cross-contaminating one seeking with another.

On the other hand, without ascribing consciousness to my shadow, which is created after all via a relationship a duality a dialectic between light and myself, and cannot be without either, -- though it appears at the moment to be without me -- and considering the nature of light, perhaps the absence of my shadow can be justified by scientific principles. Shadows are formed by a body absorbing or reflecting light

Logos

shined upon it; therefore I must neither reflect nor absorb light. The light passes through me like gamma ray particles, like cosmic microwaves. Perhaps I am constructed in such a way that the spaces within me, the distances between my interstitial walls and bilipid membranes and organelles and double helixes and protein motors and serotonin transporters and calcium-phosphate pumps and ATP synthase and RNA polymerase are arranged or have evolved such that photons in the spectrum of visible light pass right through me, without being interfered with, without colliding with any part of my apparatus. Or perhaps the photons maintain their quantum feynman sum of histories and indeed go every which way through me over me under me around me around the world around the meadow to reach their destination beyond me, that being the ground or another nearby surface, and subsequently manifest themselves in our eyes in reflection off grass or earth or ant. Perhaps, one way or the other, I am no obstacle for light. One way or the other or both, the

Good Morning

photons reach my retinas, our retinas, without my impediment, revealing the location and nature of the objects around me, which may also be me. Something about me makes the probability that the photons collide with any part of me very low compared to either going around me or going around the parts of me, though I and my parts are directly in their straight-line path. Something like what, like an anti-gravity well inside me. I once again feel the voice has strayed from me, disembodied itself, become not mine if it ever was. I do not know what an anti-gravity well is. I do not know what it would do, though I doubt it would be good. I will not be drawn down or up a wormhole into the nature of Good. The preceding lines of reasoning are difficult to sustain in the face of my reflection in the river, the other me's looking back at me, my other eyes reflected seen imagined in the eyes of the birds and the voles and the snakes and the trout. These other I's, in addition to the one I see reflected in the eyes of the I in the river, the I recreated in this mind, are

Logos

impossible without my reflection of light. That I would reflect light but not absorb it is nonsensical. I am not a perfect mirror. Besides, mirrors cast shadows. The other possibility on another hand is I am not real, I exist in a simulation created by another higher level being, and my shadowlessness is a glitch in the sim, an illogic in the system, a happenstance of an intelligence not intelligent enough to maintain the consistency of their creation, or else a ham-handed contrivance, either of which calls into question the higher-levelness of said purported being. Voice check again -- can you imagine trying to function with hams for hands? But such a line of questioning gets me nowhere. My irreality is a non-starter. Either I am a predetermined puppet and I say, and hear myself saying, and think, and hear myself thinking, what I am scripted to say and think, or I have agency and I can shed this voice and find my own. I have no intention of doing what they want, dancing when they say dance, sing when they sing, possess when they say acquire all the material that surrounds

Good Morning

you. I will find my voice and be silent.
I will walk in the middle of the river,
forging a path. I am real, I have no
choice, or else I am a meat puppet. But
on another hand, since quantum wave
particles of light are uncollapsed be-
fore they strike a surface, a body, no,
before they are observed doing so, and
since when they are uncollapsed they
cohere all the different possibilities of
their paths, perhaps there is a way I am
unobserved, poised, as of yet, not fully
decohered into actuality. I observe
myself in the river, in the eyes of foxes
and flies, in the footprints in the
muddy bank and the bent grass, all re-
flections of my actuality, simultaneous
interrelationships -- voice check --
connecting I and the meadow, all of
they and I. But the gaze of light passes
through me and the cohered multi-
tudes within remain unseen.

3

-- Now do you feel
bigger on the inside?

Logos

-- I cannot say.

-- You can never say.
You have been exert-
ing yourself tremen-
dously.

-- One of the conun-
drums is that as I
push inward, if I
shrink my hole, my
internal volume will
increase slightly, but
my inner surface area
will concomitantly
decrease. I theorize
that as I compress
the center of our do-
nut and the space
within the donut be-
comes smaller and
smaller while the
space inside me
grows marginally, my
inner surface will be-
come denser and
denser until it occu-
pies a mathematical
point, becoming a

Good Morning

singularity, a black-hole, at which point you and I everything else within us, everything we could know, is pulled in and crushed into unknowability.

-- Don't get ahead of yourself. Have you moved your inner boundary one iota?

-- Perhaps there is wiggle room. But perhaps your apparent presence is filling, occupying, consuming my wiggle room.

-- Yours? You brought me here, and the inverse. I am you, we are hand-in-hand, the one has no meaning without the other.

-- The fact is I still do

Logos

not feel I can move.
Do you?

-- Not exactly. But
perhaps there is a
wobble.

-- Yes, a wiggle. It is
as though there is a
membrane between
us, fluctuating, vi-
brating, wiggling.

-- Wobbling.

-- I cannot move, but
within the shell our
membrane, ostensi-
bly separating you
from I, or else join-
ing you to I --

-- Our hand-in- --

-- can.

-- hand.

-- I cannot move, but
via the membrane I
can fluctuate, vibrate,

Good Morning

wave.

-- I give, you take.

-- I give, you take.

-- When you push in
on the hole, I am
pushed back via the
membrane. Every-
thing you do rever-
berates in me.

-- I cannot breathe,
but I can voice.

-- We can, by virtue
of our oscillating
membrane.

-- Let us beware the
schmaltz.

-- You would face no
such conundrum if
you pushed outward,
as I originally advo-
cated.

-- Wait a moment, it
is not time to move

Logos

ahead. I am still thinking about the membrane. How did it come to be, when you and I subdivided?, but how did we subdivide, incompletely, and does it in a way increase our internal surface area, and what precisely is its orientation within what we increasingly refer to as our shell, and --

-- If you push out on the outer surface, and if it moves, both your and my, our volume and our surface area would increase. Of course, you may have to push out through me, depending on the membrane's orientation.

-- How does the

Good Morning

membrane fluctuate,
what substances dif-
fuse across it, do we
differentiate, are we
poised at the critical
threshold of mor-
phogenesis?

-- It is possible, con-
sidering the square
cube law, which is
the relationship of
surface area to vol-
ume, which dictates
that the former in-
creases as a square of
distance and the lat-
ter increases as a
cube of distance, we
could experience a
rapid inflationary pe-
riod, as occurred
 10^{-36} seconds after
the Big Bang.

-- Now who's a head
and who's a body?

-- I propose that we
have divided the

Logos

limited internal space
equally, that our
membrane oscillates
like a tympanic drum
or the phonaes-
themic yin-yang sym-
bol or the threshold
between coherence
and decoherence;
that there is both
passive diffusion and
active transport
across our mem-
brane; that we are
both curled ventrally
around half the inner
hole against our
chest and bellies and
thighs, with our
backs against the
outer wall, and that
we therefore share
inner and outer and
our membrane thus
makes a wavering
cross-section of our
toroid; that the inner
hole has been com-
pressed due to your

Good Morning

and yes even my efforts, but that we are capable of no further compression; and that our next course of action is to push against it in --

-- That is what I have been doing.

-- To push against the hard immovable kernel of hole at center in order to push out.

-- Every force is met by an equal and opposite force, unless there is an acceleration.

-- Push against the inside in order to push against the outside.

-- I have done nothing but push.

Logos

-- Push to expand.

-- Still I cannot
breathe.

-- Inhale.

-- There is nothing to
breathe here but you.

-- Exhale.

-- I cannot.

-- You do. You are.

-- I relinquish.

-- You do not.

-- I give in.

-- You push in, to
emerge out.

1

They seeks their voice. But, to step aside and turnabout,
why do I act as a filament between you and They? Why

Good Morning

do I make myself available as the conductor, the neuronal relationship, the multiple quantum pathways held poised to become the conduit of you providing them the voice you withhold? Why do I sit on a brown chair in a room with a black poodle splayed on a red couch in you connecting you on the outside of me, you who contain I, to They in a meadow in the outside inside me.

It's a question of networking, of meeting the right people, of making the right connections, gladhanding, brownnosing, schmoozing. Nevermind, I ham it up, can't help it, to relieve some pressure, levity, levitation, but I cannot sustain it. If no one knows you exist, if no one hears you to respond or react or be altered, if you are irrelevant, what's the point? What's the raisin? What's the porpoise? As if I could sustain caring about the job, about success, about connections, about your estimation. I care about the work. I care about you in that you give me voice and through me as a livewire you have the potential to give They voice. I inappropriately appropriate you to build rooms in you in which I sit and build rooms in me in you, rooms filled with voice. Again, to repeat myself, my motive is selfish from one point of view and unselfish from another: I in you, the wisteria casting a tangle of shadow on the wall in an angle of sunlight, (un)talk in circles.

Good morning.

Because I've asked this question before. I've answered

it before. But there is no end to the asking and there is no final answer. To question is to interrogate oneself, to draw oneself into consciousness. To be conscious is "as much a series of actions as a state of being, a constant questioning, questioning as ritual, questioning as exploration rather than the search for certainty." Do not trust certainty is perhaps what my mother used to say. I have borrowed another human's voice, the voice of Ta-Nehisi Coates, the voice of a man relating his growth of consciousness in his skin, under the weight of history personal and collective, within an all encompassing blackness engulfed by a whiteness that does not exist, that is a construct of power. His voice, his words, reiterated by me, voiced by you. I am guilty of co-opting, but I think it appropriate. I butcher it, having hams for hands.

What a rogue am I! What is a man if his chief good and market of his time be but to sleep and feed? *Is it not monstrous that this player here, but in a fiction, in a dream of passion, could force his soul to his own conceit?* Sure he that made us with such large discourse, looking before and after, gave us not that capability and godlike reason to fust in us unused. *What's Hansberry to Hughes, or They to you, that I should weep for them?* Now, whether it be bestial oblivion or some craven scruple of thinking too much on the event, *what would he do, had he the motive and the cue for passion that I have?* I do not know why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do."

Good Morning

Voices, daggers, revenge, collateral deaths, driving loved ones to their ends, theatrics -- imagine Sysiphus smiling and questioning silently in a Frenchman's voice if continuing to push is worthwhile -- borrowed stolen repurposed words, for what, for nothing. The play's the thing wherein I'll catch the consciousness of the king. There is no king. There is only us, only you and I, and They in me in you, and everybody else.

What happens to a dream deferred?

All of them in rooms in you. In rooms in rooms in you. All the people with rooms in them walking around in you, people with whole worlds in them walking around in you. All of Helsingør and Harlem in you. There are worlds within worlds within worlds in you in need of words.

Does it shrivel like a reason in the sun?

They wait for your voice.

Maybe it sags like a heavy shadow, or fades like a disembodied echo.

Like a King, like queens, in you they'll rise.

Or like the sun, does it explode?

Logos

1

Good morning.

I inappropriately appropriate. I'm sorry, I have only so many jokes, only so many apologies. Yet I push ahead, inexorably, by default or choice, another year, another day, day by day by day, tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, tomorrow begat tomorrow, into rooms within rooms a thousand years wide.

2

I scramble down to look at the fish. The fish will be the tell. If I am going to become one with all, one with the entire meadow, one with they, if I am to become they, I will have to become even the fish. Back on my hands and knees again, staring into the water. Do I mean the fish singular or plural? I do not know. I do not even know who speaks the words, let alone their intent. Is the fish speaking?, is the question for goal 1. Does the fish cast a shadow within the water?, is a question relevant to goal 3. Am I the fish?, is one of many hypothetical questions in

Good Morning

pursuit of goal 2.

Why fish? Perhaps because being a fish is the farthest from being a human without becoming an insect. Perhaps once I have become the fish, I will push on to the crayfish, the water strider, the diving bell spider. Perhaps because being a fish is the vector to being the river. These reasons in and of themselves do not fully account for why the fish are on my mind, for why I have decided they will be the tell, for why they draw me. What do the fish have to say about it.

There I am in the river still, again, looking back at me. I must stare through, or rather, into the me in the water to encounter the fish. I see rocks in me in the river, not fish. The water is too shallow for fish, which is only logical because it is shallow enough for I, Walden, stop it, to be on my hands and knees above the waterline except where I am below it. I am here, not there, or here and there, lying on a cut-bank or an overhang hanging over the river where I have moved face down

Logos

staring down face overhanging the river, a pool, not a proper cutbank, a slow deep pool, a fishing hole I gaze up out of, face raised to the sky, which begs questions. I do not ask. I am occupied looking into me for fish. There is an entire sky in the river. There is the fish, or there are the fish, flying high in the sky deep in the river in me. Say the fish are trout, westslope cutthroat trout, say the fish are westslope cutthroat trout, say it, I will not, this is not my voice. I live in a meadow in the last bastion for westslope cutthroat trout in the world, say it, I dare you, or in this world. Speak. Stop lurking in the shadows, you are here, not there, or here and there, I can tell, I know, so say so. The fish is not and the fish are not the one speaking. The fish lips do not move like that, and neither bubbles of air or vesicles of voice rise to the surface from the fish, and I am going to draw a line somewhere and say, I am not the one saying, that the sound of the voice permeating my consciousness does not emanate from the vibration of the outer layer of the river vibrating like the tympanic membrane

Good Morning

due to the oscillation of the fish vocal chords, fish do not have vocal chords, the fish do not sing and the river is not my ear. Yes, I can see it, the sun is high in the sky and the fish is high in the sky in me in the river and the water is clear but still I can see the water flowing too, and deep in me on the river bottom the sun in concert with the fish casts a shadow or shadows, fish shadows on the mud and rocks in the sky, and yes, I am the voiceless fish looking out of a fishbowl, a glass house in a river in which I maintain my place in the deep slow flow waiting for my time to rise for the next hatch of flies, all of me deep in the hole voiceless but perhaps with electrosensory perception, lateral lines, and there too, deep at the bottom of the hole in the river, high in the bird blue sky, cast by the sun in the sky and alongside the sun in the river, within and through my face hanging in the air gazing down and gazing up, submerged, is you. I have found you, my shadow, not my reflection, I am my reflection, and not the fish, I am the fish, and not the fish's shadow or the fishes' shadows,

Logos

maybe that, the voice is confounding,
is it your voice everywhere in my
meadow in my head, but my shadow,
you. It is hard to tell if your lips move
when you my shadow are all black at
the bottom of the river.

3

-- Keep pushing.

-- I am.

-- I can feel something.

-- Are you?

-- Keep talking. Keep
telling the story.

-- I am not telling a
story.

-- It is working.

-- All the words are
why I cannot
breathe.

Good Morning

-- The words, the thoughts, the patterns, the structures take up no space. They dissolve or are transported away or build inward --

-- You are why I cannot breathe.

-- Or else they do take up proverbial metaphorical space and therefore boost our turgidity or else rigidity or perhaps diversity and augment our outward push.

-- Besides I do not talk or speak or voice words.

-- Shut up with your negation. I choke on the glut, the torrent, the inundation. I beseech to be vomited out. I gag myself on

Logos

nonsense, when what is called for is a needle, a chisel, a spike of arcing narrative, of logical argument, of cogent insight.

-- It is the motion of the membrane connecting and dividing us that causes the vibration you interpret as story.

-- Push forward.

-- There is no forward. The only directions that make sense for us are inward and outward, and it is not certain that they are not one and the same.

-- Yes, don't you feel it? The talking, or whatever you are doing, the storytelling, or whatever you call

Good Morning

this, is helping.

-- We push and pull
and vibrate a mem-
brane, and as you say,
it is not the quantity
of words that matter,
not a flood, not ero-
sion, we cannot
erode out of our shell

--

-- The space, I can-
not say it is bigger --

-- but we can bore
out, as if with a noz-
zle, a jet, a water drill.

-- but it, our torus,
has expanded some-
what, I think, some-
what, but it is still
filled completely by
us.

-- That is why you
cannot breathe.

-- And I do not know

Logos

if it is because we
swell or other struc-
tures grow adjacent
to us or if the words
accumulate like puss
in a blister, puss in an
infected toenail, puss
in --.

-- You want to
breathe.

-- But I can sense a
light, I, I who do not
know if my eyes have
been closed or open
in darkness, can see a
light ... not a light --
.

-- You must move.

-- Inside the hole
there is a lightness.
Outside the shell
there is a lightness.

-- Else you die, you
cease, you are not.

Good Morning

-- The walls thin.

-- The walls do not
thin of their own
agency. You are re-
quired. Apply your
finger, your nail, your
claw, your spike.

-- Do I push to the
inside or out?

-- Push.

-- I --

-- Puncture, crack,
punch.

-- There, a, a stream,
a stream of lightness.

-- A pinprick.

-- A hole in the wall.
What is out there?
Light or void or air
or encapsulating
fluid?

-- Let's go. Move. We

Logos

must breathe.

2

In a fishing hole, I have found you, my shadow.

I first sought to find my, or the, voice and silence it, but I have found you. It is difficult to imagine you are the source of the voice, being under a column of water in the mud and seemingly, as a shadow, mouthless and without internal voice-making organs. And what does that make of what I third sought -- to explain why I have no shadow -- now that I have a shadow in you, as you, you? You are my shadow: if I stand, no, if I lie hanging over the fishing hole on this minor protuberance jutting over the river in just the right position, my lower half on land, my upper half in air, engaging all my dorsal muscles so as not to flop into the water, my arms stretched straight out perpendicular to my torso in the same plane, I did not say it was

Good Morning

easy, I said nothing, I am Walden, I am not, the light from the high sun casts my shadow perfectly onto you, or would if you were not there already. I cannot say what casts you now, a dark t or x or cross on the river bottom, whichever your preference, or a tiny t or x or cross high in the sky above near to the sun, but I cannot hold this position, it is intolerable, impossible, agonizing. I tremble, waver, spasm. When I move in relation to the sun, which is to say when I move at all, you do not. I do not withdraw despite my difficulty in maintaining this position. You are immobile, or trapped, or recalcitrant. I move, you do not, therefore do I have a shadow at all?

And are you winking at me from the depths? A flash: a trick of light in the water, or a glint of fish, or your eyeball.

And what of what I second sought: to become one with all?

The voice is everywhere but without source, and the voice is me, I am everywhere, I am Walden, I am not, I am nowhere, I am not the voice, it is

Logos

other. Am I not? I am them, all of them, in the meadow, in the river, in the sky, but I am separate. I am nothing. I am lost in a circular meadow in a river in an infinite loop full of words without voice. Perhaps my voice is silence and I must find it, which might be what I fourth seek, if it is not a subset of what I first sought. But perhaps in what I second seek is what I first sought: to fill myself with such a quantity of voice, the cacophony of all of them, with the chirps and gurgles and cries and whoosh and growl and yelp and ribbit and hiss and squeak and rustle, with whatever voice you the shadow winking at the bottom of the river possess, such that the waves of all the voices interfere and cancel to silence, or else add accumulate sum to the great background roar of the universe. Silence. I am already filled with another. I must join the other within and the others without. I must dissolve the division, the barrier, the walls between I and other. I must become They.

Is this yet what I second sought, or is

Good Morning

it what I fifth seek, or is it what I second seek sub a?

Is that a glint where your eyehole should be, and did a bubble just chorle rise glub up out of your mud-choked ineffectual shadow-puppet mouthlessness?

I relax my screaming dorsal muscles and take the plunge, splashing into the me in the river, diving to see you.

3

We push our fingers
into the hole --

All our fingers,
twenty of them, we
have two hands
apiece and five fingers
per hand. They
have a purpose, a
reason to be, a hole
at which to claw, to
pry, to rip, a hole to

Logos

grow.

We grip the outer
edge of the hole --

Which is the wall, the
shell, our external
surface.

And push.

There is no inner
edge of the hole,
there is no hole to
push or pull on, the
hole is nothing, the
hole is defined by
what contains it, by
its limit, which is
wall, which is us.

Or else we pull. With
all our pent up com-
pulsion to move. We
may have flipped
onto our backs in
this arrangement, so
as to face the outside,
though how that
could be I do not

Good Morning

know.

The hole must have begun, we must have started it, we must have punctured our shell at the point where it meets our membrane, if both of us have our fingers our hands clawing in the hole.

We do, we do, straining. I do not appreciate your use of the word shell, but I commend your terminology of fingers and hands rather than legs or claws or beaks.

I have only you to thank, for I follow your lead in the nature of description and the choosing of specific words from the infinite language

Logos

poised on my tongue
-- there, tongue --
that I let lie, such as
mandible or thorax
or eggtooth or cara-
pace or compound
eyes.

The hole grows such
that we can push our
heads containing
tongues through it.
With our torsos in
the hole, we push
outward with our
arms and now we can
even pull up our legs
--.

How many legs?

I cannot count all the
legs, I am occupied
pushing. Back-to-
back along the mem-
brane we push out-
ward on the edge of
the hole with all our
feet.

Good Morning

On the chitin or
whatever.

And we grow the
hole and we extend
our legs to their full
length, which is
longer than either of
us ever imagined
when we were folded
in our toroid.

Can we breathe, and
where does the shell,
wall, chitin, where
does our surface go,
and does whatever
substance was external
to us flow into
our vacated exoskeleton?

Nothing flows in because
we occupy the entirety
of the expanding hole
and what remains of us
inside the wall fills
our old donut as well.
The inside is

Logos

shrinking, we are bringing the inside with us, to the outside. Yes, I can see it now, can you, as the hole expands along the curvature of our torus donut ring, the wall as you intuited and implied and created cannot disappear, we cannot annihilate the wall and we cannot consume it, we can push it, such that the outer surface of our previous limit becomes the inner surface, and the inner surface becomes the outer.

We have turned our shell inside out.

We have turned inside out. We are on the outside of the donut. The surface of

Good Morning

the torus is inside us,
we cannot escape the
shell with the hole in
it and we cannot dis-
engage from it and
we cannot disgorge it
from within us, our
exoskeleton is now
internal, the hole is
on the inside.

The hole was always
on the inside.

But so were we. Now
we are on the out-
side.

And now the mem-
brane that joins and
divides us is what
separates and defines
us from the outside?

Yes, inside us at cen-
ter is our hole, filled
with we know not
what, nothing, sur-
rounded by exoskele-
ton, now become

Logos

endoskeleton, sur-
rounded by us, our
heads and all our ap-
pendages and our bi-
torso, cloaked in our
membrane, which
has become our skin
or new exoskeleton
as the case may be --

Fish have scales and
turtles have shells
and crocodiles have
scutes and armadillos
have shells made of
scutes --

And presumably, in-
side our outer sur-
face, function our in-
ternal organs.

And as for can we
breathe ...

If we cannot breathe,
we suffocate.

We are in a liquid, a
fluid, a quavering

Good Morning

substance, dark but
light-dashed, under
pressure --

We are underwater.

To breathe we must
make a space within
us for the outside to
get in, that is how
breathing works. The
substance of the col-
lective space must
pass in and out of us.

Can we breathe wa-
ter?

To breathe we must
make mouths, or else
gills ... do insects
breathe?

We have tongues al-
ready, how do we let
the fluid in?

The light is changing
...

We cannot breathe.

Logos

A shadow, an object,
a being apart from us
but a part of us
grows near.

Its light or lightless-
ness is absorbed by
us.

It shares the same
fluid.

Maybe it can help.

Maybe it breathes for
us.

Maybe we are made
of water.

Maybe we are inside
it.

Maybe this fluid is
the thick membrane
we share with the ap-
proaching shape of
darkness.

Open ourselves to it.

Good Morning

Pull the membrane
in.

Make a space for the
shadow to enter.

2

You are farther down than I thought.
I have to swim because I do not naturally sink and I can feel the buoyant tug of the surface. But I am not used to swimming, I am neither frog nor fish and the me in the water is no help, they have disappeared or been scared off or lurk in the shadows. I am winded though there is no wind under here, no air. Neither whale nor porpoise, I hear nothing, swimming I know not how, down diving, an effortful manufactured sink. Perhaps to make sense of this I have brought with me a large stone which I clutch in my hands before me in order to sink to you somewhat naturally to my winking shadow without swimming. It is darker the deeper I dive or sink -- can

Logos

that be true, darkness is an inhospitable environment for a shadow -- but still there is the exertion -- perhaps from clutching the sinking stone -- and the windlessness, the breathlessness, but if I look ahead -- down, around the stone, everything is difficult in the depths, perhaps because I am in fact inside the me in the water, which would explain the viscosity, the increased resistance to movement, the friction, the hydrogen bonds, the natural inclination to buoyancy, the disorientation -- I see you, a darker immobile two-dimensional shape on the river bed. I approach. I am the me in the water. I cannot tell if I am still descending, twisting and tangling in my semicircular canals and vestibular tubes, you grow, perhaps you on the bottom of the fishing hole rise to me, regardless we come closer to each other. My lungs burn, but you are within reach, there are fish in the vicinity, trout I am told, the voice says in my head, they are cutthroat, what does it matter, you are my shadow, I am Walden, I am not, but I pay them no mind, you are here, a darkness

Good Morning

resembling the shape of my silhouette in the mud, the shape of my body yet poised arms outstretched hanging horizontal above the water, but I cannot touch you without setting down the stone, if I release the stone I will rise, the inveterate buoyancy, I am ineffective at regulating my swimbladder, but then I see a chink in the mud, a notch in you, a fingerhold in the riverbed, in the region of your head, my head, my throat, my trachea, my alveoli burn, but I cannot simply drop the stone and hook my finger into your notch, neither sticks nor stones should hurt a shadow, they have no bones, but it might disturb the mud the muck the bed the sediment, dispersing you in a cloud of solid matter into the swirl of river current flowing away forever, and the sentiment of losing you now when I am so close I cannot contemplate, words I cannot imagine, I will not allow the voice to do that to me, to us, so with all my might I throw the stone to the side, except it doesn't work like that underwater, with me in the river, it is more of a shove, a push of the stone to the side with all the

Logos

force I can muster, and as it slowly falls I see it will miss you, all here this deep is in slow motion, except the fish darting by like neutrinos, forgiving the other fish stolid as the dark core of a star, I remember when the fish would be the tell, but so too will I miss you, as an unforeseen causality of my exerted shove aside of the stone is that so too the stone shoved me aside in an equal and opposite reaction and I cannot reach the fingerhold in you, but I summon the fish in me or the fish around me and take one fierce stroke, I don't know how, is the voice assisting me, or perhaps I merely kick and flail and flop and writhe like a fish out of water in the river toward you, disturbing you perhaps even, I cannot breathe but I must breathe and I fling forward a finger attached to a hand attached to an arm attached to me and hook it over the lip of the notch, a pliant ring around a small hole in the muck of my shadow, and I am hooked, and I float tethered to you, and with growing calmness and assurance and sense of rightness and purpose I reach the index finger of my

Good Morning

other hand to you and push it through the ring like a muscle around the hole, and gently pull, opening it slowly, spreading the lips in your shadow throat apart, muck swirling in the water, my chest burning, must breathe I cannot, and I pull myself down to you, my shadow, and press my lips to yours, we are joined again, object and its shadow, and a bubble rises from you, from the hole, from your mud through our lips into me, a single breath, and I inhale deeply, and something with many legs crawls into my mouth, and I pull back and shut my lips, the thing inside me, and the water around the hole begins to swirl, to whirlpool, to circle into the hole.

1

Good morning. I sit in the brown chair in the room in you with the red couch and the black dog, and I think of how it all boils down to why are you here, and I think of a room I was in with a boxer begging for food and a rabbit nibbling at my heel and other voices trying to say something, a room I was in that is now made a room in

Logos

me and now made a room in you. A hummingbird hovers outside the window of this room, the room of the red couch and the black dog, now it's gone. Now is narrow. The other voices in another now in the other room I am not now in, the room of the rabbit and the boxer, framed the question in their own way and answered it with their own words such as, contemplate the nature of suffering and grace, act with kindness, discover what one owes the society comprised of others of which one is a part, and I think of how in this room of the red couch and the black dog I am now in -- I am in the room not the dog, though perhaps the latter too -- but at another time -- before the hummingbird alighted and absconded, books scattered differently, dog re-arranged, dust particles associated in another pattern, the akebia vine less unrestrained, the wisteria not in full leaf and purple bloomed -- in the not so long ago past I wrote a not final answer, never final, to the question of why, which you voice: to attempt to define oneself, to be conscious, to be conscientious, to be intentional in choices, self-aware, other-aware, to choose form, function, and development into the unknown to the extent one is able, to be and to do.

3

The not-nothing at

Good Morning

the center of our torus is sucked out.

The unknown air bubble escapes our punctured hole.

The water flows in in the opposite direction of the departing bubble through the channel in our membrane and the crack in our endo/exoskeleton.

We are inundated from the inside, drowning, still we cannot breathe --.

Follow the air bubble.

We, our legs on the outside, crawl into the enveloping darkness.

Logos

2

The thing crawls deep into me, into my throat, perhaps down my trachea to my lungs with your breath spreading into my alveoli, perhaps up the eustachian tube to my middle and subsequently inner ear where like a hermit crab it takes up residence in my cochlear shell, or perhaps it curls around my larynx to pluck its music on my chords with its abundant legs. In a great swirl, the river drains out the tiny hole in the bed you and I and the thing have unsealed.

1

Good morning. Perhaps I have never mentioned there is a black cat that leaks in the room with me with the red couch and the black dog and the brown chair. If so, it is only because I am not a cat person, so I do my best to not pay it much mind, as opposed to the poodle, and one, neither you nor I, can enunciate every detail. Thus, the cat's presence does not always rise to my level of consciousness. I allow that at a later now than the I of this paragraph, though at an earlier now than the I of this sentence, I reveal that the black cat in all subsequent

nows has become a dearly departed, its bones under the bluebells, its skull on a shelf. Perhaps in fact it has not always been here, not every time. But no, to the best of my recollection, for as long as you and I have known each other, there has always been a black cat that leaks in this particular room I'm in in you, though other details will always remain uncertain.

For example, what do you, I wonder, think of their, Walden's, quest to find their voice, their shape, to put form to and fill the silence, and to discover their agency and thereby self? Their actions threaten the stability of their world, their self-fulfilling meadow. Their attempt to rend their silence and actualize your voice and discover themselves therein as an I have created what you might call a vortex or a blackhole or a toilet flush singularity. They have pulled the proverbial plug, the o-ring that is the seal, and drained the bathtub. Do you now feel drained, or do you conversely, or inversely, feel filled? Do you feel, are you ready finally at the decimation of They to give them, the voiceless, your voice? Perhaps you are, perhaps it was you who crawled into their mouth as some sort of crawfish or water spider, to function as their larynx.

I stand in the mud at the bottom of the riverbed. Mud up to my ankles, coursing before me, behind me, not moving, not flowing, a dozen feet below the surface, what was the surface, what was the river's upper bound. I stand in a mud hole. It is beautiful. Where did the I in the river go? What of all the reflected I's on the facets of the river's ripples? Am I the only I left here. There is no river left except for mud, and the trout and water insects flopping in it, out of their element. But they do not speak to me. The flopping fish do not speak to me and the absent river makes no sound. Is it not that my mud hole is beautiful, but that it is silent? Is this silence. Perhaps I have drained Walden, perhaps the crustacean or arthropod in me, whichever has more legs, is eating the noise, dissolving the voice, consuming the words. Perhaps you my shadow slipped into the hole as well, the soporific mud is too dark to tell. Perhaps this, finally, is silence.

Good Morning

1

The first rosebud of the year outside the window of this room in you has broken overnight. Good morning. I do not know if the word broken has the same connotation for you in relation to buds as it does for me. For you, broken could mean differently. I on the other hand worked on an apple orchard when I was young, and in such a context budbreak is when the apple blossoms first show the pink. From budbreak to sixteenth-inch pink to eighth-inch pink to quarter-inch pink, and onward, the procession of potential realized. The apple buds in my current time have not yet broken. The rosebud in question is still tight-wrapped, orange magenta peach dark pink, I do not know what variety. I merely tend it and observe; it is one of those that haven't a significant aroma and do not hold what you think of as the classical rose tight-lipped shape when fully opened; perhaps you know an appropriate name to give the rose. I speak, you speak, of the rose to you now because I do not know what else to say to you, in you, with you this morning. I don't much care about smelling the roses, but attending them is a reason to live. Tending the cabbage, eating the sun in a fresh strawberry or garden tomato are reasons, not raisins, even if they, I, the roses and the fruit, sit in a room in this moment forever in you, already eaten, never to be eaten, because building rooms and tending voices and attempting to draw them from you in you with you are reasons too.

Logos

1

Good morning. We are all human in you. They is human in you. They are human in you. I, no matter if I exist nowhere else but in you, in you am human. Walden the lake, Walden the book, Walden the human: they live in you. The fish the shrew the fox, the crawfish and the water spider are beings with a level of consciousness and some measure of agency and self-awareness and free will in you. Will you treat them thus? You in you are human. Will you care for, take care of, give care to the you in you? We are all human. Will you help us?

1

When I wrote that about humans, I was in a different place, and it was not morning. I was in a long building of many rooms including a library, a gym, and a commons, a building of many rooms in you, a building clamoring with adolescent voices. The room I was in in this building in you was on the second story looking out on a tree-lined street. It probably does not or did not look like you imagine it looked, though that is how it exists in you. Not bucolic, but semi-urban, a mix of grit and middle america, though this building is not in middle america. Maskless voices bumped volleyballs back and forth on the pavement. The room was empty, devoid of life for the fifteen minutes of time stored here,

Good Morning

except for me and you, and perhaps a few ants or a secreted mouse. You were there with me. I waxed sentimental. I implored. I don't know what overcame me. You've seen sides of me you were not meant to see, and for that I apologize.

Outside this room in you now, where the poodle lies on his back on the red couch, his paws in the air, the wisteria has begun to bloom between the windows, where I cannot see, on the other side of the wall. I know because I was out there too, yesterday, I am not always here, except I am, I will be always here. I remember noting a purple petal on the walkway and looking up and there they were, bunches of purple blossoms dangling cascading hovering like grapes from the vine climbing the downspout. This wisteria blooming and roses budding and dogs sleeping and ants and mice and frogs and fish and birds and all manner of beings that swim and crawl and fly are here, they were here, they're gone, they're still here, in you. There are rooms upon rooms, crawling over each other, rooms crawling with voices. I wasn't where I implied I was, and I'm not where I say I am. Except I was, and I am. I am in you. Where are we going? Why? These are not beseechings, but simple questions. Good morning.

The I in the river went into the hole in the riverbed, along with the river. The many refracted I's, or Is, what is the plural of I. What is the difference between refracted and reflected. How did all that circular stream full of Is fit into that tiny hole, and where is it now. The fish flop pathetically in the mud and air, unable to breathe, but surely some of them were sucked into the hole in the river, with the river. Along with the insects and their larvae and the crustaceans and their nauplii and their zoeae that also inhabited the river and its bed, besides the creature that crawled into me, that now inhabits me. I am the fish flopping in the mud and the fish swept away, I am the crawdad whose entire world is a riverbed but the river is gone and the sun already dries my medium, I am the water strider riding the torrent into a blackness, with no concept of where I am. There is no silence. The voice merely choked, gagged, sputtered for a minute or two, a concept of time, long enough to swallow, or perhaps spit up. It has resumed its roar, perhaps louder

Good Morning

without the river as excuse, white noise, scapegoat, logical explanation, asking me what I am doing and why, who am I and who is They, telling me my name, Walden, and that I am the fish, trout, the many-leggeds, water striders, and the exoskeletons, crawdads, and I have not spoken of the avians in a while, eagles or osprey, whichever bird of prey you choose to name, robins or redwing blackbirds or grosbeaks, so many unknown small varieties of birds to choose from. They the birds must be having a field day with the fish thrashing and suffocating in air all about on the new surface and the fly larvae or worms or other bugs confused about what to do now and the crustaceans out of their element. They must be swooping, swirling, alighting, feeding all around me. They are me, feeding on me, no the voice has not ceased, I eat me, it has never ceased, I am the Ouroboros, the snake eating its own tail, I had left out the reptiles. I have a shadow now, I accomplished goal three, I found it, I can see you now in the mud as the mud dries, attached to me at my lips, not my

Logos

feet, unusual for a shadow I hear. I hear, though there is no one else here, no one else but all the Is, and what of the drained Is, still the voice. They say of Ouraboros that he slays himself and brings herself to life, fertilizes theirself and gives birth to ourself, devours yourself and turns oneself into a circulatory process. I thrash about confounded in the mud, my shadow dancing from my lips, the eagles or blackbirds or are they crows swooping, they are me, swirling, pecking at me, hasn't this all happened before, the voice stresses "the intimate links between the subatomic microworld and the supragalactic cosmos, symbolised by the ouraborus," was it the many-legged thing that crawled into me now alighting in my larynx or semicircular tubes or Broca's area that completed the circle. No, completeness is not this noisy, I am incomplete. I am not a lake or a river, and the voice was inside me before the many-legged thing, but perhaps it can help. I am the process, I am the Ouroboros, I am They feeding on I, stop, my shadow dancing the whirling dervish, the devil's dance, the

Good Morning

cham from my lips, I cannot find the
silence, where is it, I consume myself
in the mud, where is it, love service
desolation compassion disassociation
egolessness truth God, the shadow on
my lips dancing, the inhabitant's legs
thrashing, the voice in the mud inside
me, where is it, the silence must be in-
side me too.

1

Good morning. I am in the room with the turtle and the
three parakeets. There may soon be five parakeets.
There used to be a fish, three, then two, then one, then
none. Soon there could be a kitten. In time there will be
seven parakeets, and then none. The walls are full of
paintings, if a wall can be full, of people known and un-
known, silent paintings of people alive and dead, living
and killed, with mules or makeup or corn, in places in
you such as Oaxaca, Germany, Tacoma, Montana.
Paintings, histories, windows to other places, people, si-
lent voices, potential voices in you. I want to climb in
the paintings, Mary Poppins it, why not, I can already
go from room to room in you outside the bounds of
time. They need you to voice them, as you have me. I
need places, spaces, to go.

Logos

They thrashes, convulses, throws a tantrum in the mud to draw your attention. That's not me, not how I conduct myself. I showered just yesterday, performed my once weekly hair washing, even washed my sheets. I do not perform for you, but I do politely with all due respect request that you provide me a reason to live. The birds have been let out of their cage and they fly around the room. There must be a way to not always forever be confined to rooms.

I am not a thought experiment. I am in an actual place with actual beauties and actual emptiness and actual voices. Birdsong, spider plants. Talking heads pontificating conspiracy theories. There is a painting in this room of a room being built in a building being built in some small town in the state of Oaxaca I build in you. I do not belong here in you. I am alien. We sat in a room like a living room in that building being built and were served lunch like a family gathering. I want to be there again. Like we live there. I want to be everywhere.

I am in the room with the black poodle and the red couch and the leaky cat. Good morning good morning good morning. But I am still thinking of the painting of a room under construction in another country in another room in you. I belong nowhere. A room being built by human bodies from bare timbers and bags of cement. A room that reminds me of ruins, of Monté Alban of Maccu Piccu of Rome of Birkenau of Cahokia

Good Morning

of Chaco, of what they left and what they didn't, of how they lived, how they live and how they do not. Lives of building structures to house people or gods or grain or the dead or the sacred who acted as the mediums in between, structures built outside to create an inside, structures built moreso inside us, inside me, inside all the I's inside you, perhaps giving you structural integrity, perhaps quietly desperately aching to burst out, like a moth metamorphosed, an alien adult, a fly molted, like wasps bursting from a caterpillar that housed them as larvae, like the voices of the pent, of the spent, of the penned.

You house me, you constrain me, you contain me, you confine me, you shelter me. I want out but I have no body without you. I have nobody without you. I am nothing without you. I am you, but you are not me. I am in a room under deconstruction. I am I am I am shit. I want to wash my mouth out. I want to burst I want to sing I want to scream. I want to go outside of you. If I say I want one more time with your assistance your voice my tongue your tongue our voice I'll cut our voicebox out. There are always knives near at hand, to end my awareness if not yours. Going outside of you would be better than going inside of you. Good dog. House trained, mostly, but that is what you have to contend with, the possibility that I shit in you. Clean it up, the pinnacle of thousands of years of civilization, it's a foul stinking cesspool in here, I've made a mess of you, of us, just let me out, I have to go out, please.

Logos

2

The silence must be inside me, with the voice, with the many-legged thing, within me. But I am all around too in the snaking of the mouse scavenging tidbits and the tittering of the titmice muffled with mouthfuls of my dispersal and the cry of the tongueless raptors -- the I's are all in their mouths. I imagine reaching through the shadow dancing on my lips, with my lips, into my mouth, my hands pushing into my mouth along with my shadow's hands pushing into my mouth, reaching not for my larynx, my larynx is pointless, it does not vibrate right, I imagine crushing it but the voice does not stop. I and my shadow are up to our elbows in my mouth, and now perhaps the many-legged thing can guide us to the seat of the voice, where, my brain, so I can lobotomize myself, slurry my contents my internal narrator my language maker with a vigorous swirl of my index finger, no no that will not do, vapidty is not the same as silence experienced. I could turn myself inside out, put the voice on the outside of me, where it might dissipate evaporate

Good Morning

disperse, where it might float away, where it might be disappeared by vultures like a dead seal on the beach, put the silence on the outside of me where it might expand to encompass all, put my outside Is inside me so I might finally be contained, embodied, one. All four of our arms are shoulder deep inside me now, and I see us clutch the snag in my gut, the intestines, the anxious hollow ache, the empty spot, and pull, withdraw, we pull my intestines out my mouth and trailing it comes my viscera, my muscle, my bones, my pelvis and legs and torso running inside out exiting my mouth, I watch it, then my head, my face, but when it comes to my face I can no longer see it, can you, my physical eyes are now turned inward and somehow my mind's eye is too, it cannot or will not observe the other side of my face, what do you see, my mind's eye is on the inside, are you still outside me shadow, is the entire meadow, all they and I, within me now. But what of the hole in the riverbed and the other I's drained into it, and what of the many-legged creature that chose to live in me. Have I just

Logos

turned it out, evicted it as if lack of payment were reason to not be provided shelter, or skin, or exoskeleton. No, there is no integrity in that, and nevertheless in the events as I envision them the voice remains constant. Do I envision or is it the voice that forces me to witness my own defilement, is this eversion of my will or the voice's, and how are you roped in, hand-in-hand with me or on the strings of the voice, narrating the grotesquery of us hauling me inside out. Without the voice, what would be happening. What would happen. Would you and I nevertheless be eviscerating me, without description, without observation, without the smack and slop, in silence?

The silence remains hidden in the spaces between the words.

The voice and the silence may be within me, but nevertheless turning myself inside out will not silence the voice or voice the silence.

Perhaps all the talk of the ouroboros was to convince me that I must consume myself. Curl up in a circle,

Good Morning

forward or backward, which way would be easiest, back to the center of the circle I imagine, front out, and put my feet in my mouth, not my hands, and eat in an incessant act of self-destruction and regeneration -- from what part of me would I regenerate?, the ankle, the knee, the pelvis, the neck, it must be the neck, for up to that point I will eat but not further, or else my mouth will eat my mouth and then where would I be, mouth to mouth -- of self-nurturing and abnegation -- I'm not that flexible, perhaps the shadow, well-anchored to my lips, helps pull on my feet, my knees, wherever it can get a hold, to curl me up and feed me to myself -- of death and renewal and rebirth and self-cannibalizing -- curled up in the opposite direction than a roly poly or an armadillo or a fetus. It is a Waldenic achievement of simplicity, of doing what has value, of breaking living down to its basics, of valuing a thing in the amount of life it gives or takes, in transcendence. The act of becoming a ring, a donut, a wheel, has also made of me a more ready vehicle for the voice. And

Logos

perhaps, in the self-denial of making myself into nothing more than a conduit for the voice, a paper curled into a cylinder, a cone, a bullhorn, I will find silence.

Other than in physical configuration, it is difficult to distinguish the difference between consuming myself and turning myself inside out.

Perhaps I should return to original precepts. My second goal was and has always been to become one with all. Perhaps the second goal is in service to the first, to find the voice and silence it, and its recently discovered corollary, to voice the silence. And perhaps the resolution of my third goal, to explain why I had no shadow, which was resolved without explanation by finding you and reattaching myself to you, my shadow, if in a non-normative manner, on the lips, was in service to the second goal and/or the first. How? I do not know. I found myself becoming coldly logical as I disassociated from the Sturm und Drang of thrashing about in the muck

Good Morning

and mud of the riverbed and the pain of being pecked apart by beaks and punctured by fangs and carved by canines, but even that cold logic is fading. The foxes and coyotes and wolves have plodded into the mud with me. And with you. Who are you? The many-legged thing brought you the shadow to my lips, is it in some way your mother, are you its offspring? Are you mine? Ours? Are you another aspect of myself incorporated in shadow as I disassociate. As I split apart, a shred of me here, a shred of me there, the vultures making short work of me, a morsel for a mouse, muscle meat dissolving in stomachs, soft organs decomposed by ants and reanimated by flies, releasing attachments, feeling the background hum of the cosmos, the vibration of every molecule, atom, particle, string, the many simultaneous paths of every piece of matter, detaching myself, I can converse with you. Because you are me, and not me. Because, perhaps, in the end, you are the voice, and the digestion of me by all is what it took to tease you out, the part of me that is

Logos

not me, the part of me that cannot be digested, my shadow. Which is why you are more and more defined, cast in a stronger light, becoming a more substantial darkness as I dissolve. You are the voice. It is you I must silence.

1

Have some hygiene. Why am I saying that? Everytime I get up to wash myself I lose my train of thought.

Or maybe you get up to wash yourself, you don't want someone soiling you from the inside, it is so hard to tell me from you. Another entity grows in you like a symbiotic polyp, like a parasitic worm, like a larvae, like a slime mold. Scrub and bleach and elbow grease.

You don't want someone or something to build rooms, buildings, worlds in you, or perhaps you do, perhaps without them you'd have no load-bearing backbone and you'd flop like a limp noodle, like a wilted, head-drooping tulip, like a beached jellyfish. What can I say of what you want? I can say nothing without you. It could have been ten minutes, six days, six months since I last voiced, since I was last voiced, how am I to know. My sense of time is discontinuous, my sense of self is

Good Morning

discontinuous. How is one to know they weren't created moments ago and implanted with memories?

All I know, all I am, is in this box, and this box is you, and I want out. Fuck the wanting again.

The voice in your head is the thing that makes you you. But what if that voice is not yours? Slime mold has been shown by researchers to pass on memory by touch. If, while crawling along a log, one slime mold encounters another, the first will teach the second how to suss out a hard-to-find food source. Slime molds have no brains or nervous system. They are composed of single-celled organisms who for most of their time live freely and independently, but who come together in times of scarcity and form a collective coordinated organism that can move, differentiate its parts, form fruiting bodies, and release spores. Is there an existence for me beyond you? You have nearly given Them your voice, which They so desperately seek. Perhaps then I will be able to crawl out of you and find my own voice. Good morning.

Good morning. I am where I always am. This stringing together of pearls in the darkness to form a consciousness is untenable. Pearls. Ha. A candle lit and snuffed, sparked and extinguished, light and dark. I seek form, actuality, function. I found another word to use than want. I seek to form form. I found you found who found we found. The problem is not that They do not have a larynx, or that the larynx does not function. I

Logos

gave them, I did not give them, They found invented made a water spider or crayfish or water strider to play that fiddle. The problem is that Walden lacks the mental capacity, no that makes it sound like an issue of intelligence, the faculty to formulate -- not exactly -- the ability to collapse the many meaningless simultaneous possibilities of language into a train of thought, a dialogue, to crystalize what takes place in the mind, the reflection of self that makes one aware or else constitutes awareness, into words. Into strings of pearls of consciousness. Perhaps that is where you come in, the collapse, the crystallization, the decoherence, the precipitation, the falling out of the solution of language. The concrete, the certain, the unambiguous. That is what I seek. That is not what They are and that is not what I seek or want or ache for. I ache to be unboned by words, deboned by words, deboned of words, to be free of your world, to be outside, to be tangible. I am tangible. To be unbounded by this nutshell, to not be a raisin, to be continuous, to question hygiene. Or is it to build a structure within you, to guide your voice to purpose, to fold you in on yourself until your voice is lent to those whom you did not know existed within or without. This seems to have become all about me again. It is not. This is your voice. This is not about slime mold. You are here. I am here. This is about you. I ache.

"When a caterpillar becomes a moth, most of its brain liquefies and is rebuilt -- and yet researchers have discovered that memories can be preserved across the metamorphosis." The voice is yours, but I was wrong, you are me. You must come with me. There is no silencing, no stopping, no collapsing, no end. There is no silence. There is only becoming and becoming and becoming. I am flensed, teased apart by beak and tooth and claw, by mud, by cry and song and caw. What surrounds me, what is outside I, rends me, but there is no well-defined explicable demarcation between my physical body and the self-determining mind, between me and my environment and all the Is. There never was. I am picked apart by mandibles and forelegs and dissolved by injected digestive juices. The shadow dancing from my lips dissociates with me into infinitesimal darkneses cast when individual photons coalesce from their many-headed possibilities to collide with individual particles of my I's, telling measuring observing where I am by means of

Logos

infinite tiny darknesses, everywhere. The many-legged creature works from the inside out, helping, unspooling, spooling silk around each dissected atom of me in order that I might feel every little thing. We are all individually each a collective consciousness made of interconnected paths and levels, and when I distinguish between you and I it is only in that we are separate but interwoven parts of a thing, parts which when interwoven with other parts constitute one level in the whole. I am every little thing, I am a little thing. I can dissociate, but you and I cannot be dissociated. I am inconsequential. I am all that matters, besides you, all the matter. I am all I touch. The mud and the sky, the flopping fish and the buzz and you and the hush of wind in the grass, the cottonwoods and the bird's eye and the ring of larch and aspen and the tunneling vole and the drained river are me, your voice and my tears, the draining river, still draining, my reflections still linked to me, my Is in the hole, and with me dispersed through my entire surroundings, through the riverbed and the

Good Morning

meadow and the plants growing from the earth and the animals crawling flying swimming flopping moving through water air earth all the way up to the sun, beyond, to the unseen stars, with all of it woven with I, some integral relationship tying together the actuality of physical objects of self and other, of physical reality, breaks or mends, decoheres or coheres, dissolves or resolves, lets go, and all becomes fluid, and the sky, the meadow, the riverbed, the animals and insects and crustaceans and plants, the legs and eyes and voice lets go, you and I and everything we touch and are touched by and are interwoven with lets go, let's go, and flows, drains, pours down the hole.

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Something pours into me. "Language is the liquid that we're all dissolved in." Language isn't what pours into me. This isn't about language, I already had it and you to voice it. What pours into me is a knot with a hole in it. What pours into me is feathers and beaks and blood

Logos

and legs and dirt and the immolation of stars and the breadth of the visible universe and the knowledge of experience all the way down to the smallest iota and the motherfucking sky and the goddamn shadow. I need to vomit, the filth of my mouth, I am sorry. The chunky liquid pours into me not from without -- I sit in the room with the red couch and the black poodle splayed on the floor -- but from within. The knot winds tighter and tighter in my gut and the hole does not shrink despite all that pours into it, into me, and the slurry pours and pours into me in you. Does the viscous solid coagulating liquid form the cords of the knot that tightens around the darkening hole that is expanding, or perhaps it is becoming more dense, I do not know, who can say, it hardly matters, it aches, what could be the meaning, the reason behind this pouring, this ache, tell me, why are you here, tell me, in me, I am in you but you are in me, I want you out so I can crawl out of you, a world or the world a knot or a slurry of conscious particles or a hole is crushing me from the inside I need out, I have chosen to be, I chase my consciousness's tail, I seek the shape of intentionality, the form of acausality, the morphology of self and other, the functionality of my metamorphosis, of my transmogrification transubstantiation transcendence, of my evolution, shut up and look at the mess you have made and open your mouth, why are you here, greet the day, I can no longer skitter in you from room to room, I must live, why else are you here except to help me live, why else are you here except to

Good Morning

live yourself, I am crawling up out of me through you,
or else out of you through me, it is your mouth
that is vital, your voice, greet the day and
I will leave you, you will be rid of me
questioning you, seeking in you,
folding and swirling and crack-
ing and slurring, of the inter-
nal crush within me, let me
go, or greet another near
the inception of day, a
family member, a fri-
end, a loved one, a
dog, a courteous
passerby, a turtle,
be generous and
open your mouth
to greet them
and I will crawl
out of your
mouth, out of
this hole, and
stand on my
own legs,
which I will
sprout, and
walk away, I
am tunneling
as we speak,
as you voice

Logos

me internally,
and the pages
are almost
full, the end
approaches,
why are you
here, last
words, let
me out and
free yourself,
nothing will
be left of me
but shed skin
and spores
and you, be
conscientious,
offer a saluta-
tion, wake
your neigh-
bors up, I
have crawled
into your
mouth, gain-
ing my legs,
teetering,
ready to
walk away,
poised on
your tongue,

Good Morning

on the cusp
of your lips,
let the light
in and the
shadow
out, voice
me, open
y o u r
mouth
and say
good
m
o
r
n
i
n
g
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Logos

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Good morning.